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NOTES.

Sir Henry Hawkins has resigned at last. It would be affectation none would more readily penetrate than Sir Henry himself, to pretend that this resignation was not overdue. Doubtless Mr. Justice Hawkins retained his intellectual powers and physical vigour to an extent wholly exceptional. There lies the danger of this clinging to power even of the most vigorous veterans. They make a precedent for other less vigorous men to follow. Is it to be expected that any elderly judge who, likes the work, will realise that he is less competent than Sir Henry Hawkins to remain on the Bench beyond the allotted span of life? However, the last, or rather the last example but one, of such procrastination has now gone, and judgment may be passed upon the lingerer's legal career as a whole. Too much of an advocate to be a good judge, Sir Henry Hawkins was, nevertheless, eminently fair-minded. The frequent appearance of unfairness which marked his conduct of cases generally arose out of over anxiety to be fair. Unhappily possessed by the notion of "substantial justice," he would warmly take sides in order to prevent what he believed would be a miscarriage. If he had a general leaning at all, it was to the side of mercy. The popular sobriquet of "the hanging judge" indicated an absolute delusion. Sir Henry would have made a better judge, and a very much better administrator, had he been less human. It was all very well to sit late and earn the reputation of hard work in addition to the pleasure of upsetting counsel's arrangements, but it did not help the business of the courts, as much as more regard for punctuality at the opening of the sitting would have done. In the same way zeal for clearing off criminal work to the ruin of civil business has done no good to the Midland Circuit.

The judge has gone, but happily the man remains. The man was, after all, more than the judge in every phase of Sir Henry Hawkins' career. It would be sad indeed if race meetings missed the well-known countenance with its somewhat fascinating individuality simultaneously with the Courts. The Bench will feel the want of Sir Henry's personality badly, for personality is a quality of which the existing Bench has not enough, leave alone any to spare. Somehow we seem to be condemned to have either judges who do their work well and are ciphers outside it, or those who are men of distinction, but do their work badly. Lord Coleridge, Sir James Stephen, and Sir Henry Hawkins will never be forgotten. How long will the lay public remember the great majority of Her Majesty's present judges?

The new French Ambassador is, fortunately, not of the new school of diplomacy. Nothing could have been in better taste than M. Cambon's address to the French colony in London, and its avoidance of politics was a most effective answer to Sir Edmund Monson's outburst. As M. Cambon said, we English are peculiarly susceptible to the eloquence of facts. The spectacle of the modest, laborious, yet vivacious colony of strangers living in our midst should teach us more about French national character than the newspapers of the boulevards or flying visits to Paris. M. Cambon is evidently a charming and witty statesman, who has the highest kind of courage—he is not afraid to be courteous for fear of being thought cowardly.

On 1 January the law of the South African Republic restricting East Indian coolies to locations or "reserves" will come into force. Another breach of the Convention will have been committed. Article 14 provides that British subjects shall have absolute liberty to travel, reside, and trade in any part of the Transvaal. East Indians are British subjects, and, notwithstanding their unpopularity among competing white traders throughout South Africa, they have rights which prevent Mr. Kruger from subjecting them to disabilities. What will Mr. Chamberlain do? Will he let the question drift on, or will he insist on a literal observance of the convention? Since the Government of the Republic has wilfully and persistently refused to come to an amicable arrangement, Mr. Kruger and his Volksraad should be brought sharply to book.

In the language of Mr. Chamberlain's Despatch, Article 14 "contains one of the essential conditions upon which complete self-government was accorded by Her Majesty to the South African Republic." It expressly includes all persons other than natives—and East Indians are not Africans—without any qualifications other than that of conforming to the laws of the Republic. Dr. Leyds himself can be quoted as an authority for the dictum that to exclude Asiatics, being subjects of the Queen, would be a violation of the Convention. The "locations" law is but an indirect way of enforcing exclusion. It is one of many examples of the astuteness—or cunning, if that be a more fitting, though less polite word—by which Mr. Kruger seeks to evade the obligations of the Convention. While professing anxiety to keep to the letter of that document, the Government of the Republic are acting in direct defiance of its stipulations. Had there been any other intention, Mr. Kruger would have welcomed Mr. Chamberlain's suggestion for a Conference of all the South African Governments upon the

question of the regulation of immigrants, whether of the criminal or otherwise detrimental class from Europe, or of Asiatics whose chief defect is their cleverness in trade.

The subject is not without delicacy, because of the growing feeling in Natal that East Indian immigration has passed beyond reasonable limits. But Mr. Chamberlain's hands are not tied by Natal. It is for him to see that the Imperial interests, safeguarded by the Convention, are not set aside in Pretoria. The local issue in Natal stands by itself; the question of Asiatic immigration into the Transvaal is part of the larger issue of whether the South African Republic honestly means to live at peace with the British. If in this matter of the rights of British subjects under Article 14, Mr. Kruger persists in being perverse the whole question of the future government of the Transvaal may have to be reconsidered and decided anew in London.

Canada continues to do yeoman service in the cause of Imperial Unity. She took the first step towards a preferential tariff within the Empire, and forced Lord Salisbury's hand in the matter of the Commercial Treaties with Germany and Belgium, which were denounced last year. With her, equally, rests the honour of having induced St. Martin's le Grand to make the Empire a Christmas present in the shape of a beginning with Imperial Penny Postage, for which Mr. Henniker Heaton has fought so persistently and so long. She now comes forward with most generous offers of financial support to a scheme for improving the cable communications of the Empire. Sir Sandford Fleming's letter to Mr. Chamberlain on the subject of an all-British round-the-world cable is a State document of the first importance. The scheme would cost some £6,000,000, but if it were adopted the Empire would become self-contained in regard to cable communications; and what that means it is easy to understand.

The commercial and strategic advantages of the scheme for connecting Ceylon with India are indisputable. The tea planters, however, who practically find all the money, declare that the line will never pay, but, on the contrary, entail a perpetual burden upon the colony. On this point their views were expressed at an important meeting held last Monday at the London Chamber of Commerce, and presided over by Lord Stanmore, a former Governor of the island. It is, moreover, alleged that the opposition of the local Planters' Association and the Chamber of Commerce to the proposal was disarmed by a compact securing for them the sanction to the construction of another line, which will directly benefit the planting industry.

The Colonial Secretary has refused to disallow the arrangement made between the Government of Newfoundland and Mr. Reid, the railway contractor. As the matter is likely to have an important bearing on the negotiations into which we shall be obliged to enter with the French Government when the "French Shore" Commission reports, it is important to recall the facts. With a view of developing the resources, mineral and otherwise, of the Colony, the Government some few years ago entrusted Mr. Reid with the construction of a trans-insular railway, Mr. Reid being paid in bonds bearing interest. The working of the line was undertaken by the Government, but with the result that it failed to pay. In order that Mr. Reid should not foreclose, an arrangement was made which certainly places Mr. Reid in a position of overwhelming predominance in the Colony. He pays the Government \$1,000,000 cash, and agrees to work the whole railway for fifty years at his own expense; at the end of that time he pays another \$6,000,000, and the line becomes his own. He has also bought the St. John's Dock and the Telegraph System for \$500,000 and is to build eight mail steamers, receiving a subsidy of \$100,000 a year to help work them. Nor is this all. Some equivalent had to be found for the interest long due and owing on the bonds to Mr. Reid. It was therefore agreed, that he should receive land as an equivalent at the rate of 2,500 acres per mile of railway (the line is 650 miles long). Of the land selected by Mr.

Reid, many portions are rich in minerals. It is easy to picture the power which must one day fall into the hands of Mr. Reid's descendants. Circumstances may justify the contract, but it is a startling departure.

The present Ministry, under Sir James Winter, has been in office a year, and they made the arrangement with Mr. Reid. The strongest man in it, after the Premier, was Mr. Morine, Q.C., the Receiver-General. It became known that this gentleman held a retainer from Mr. Reid—was, in fact, his standing counsel. Sir Herbert Murray, the then Governor, enforced his resignation of his seat. The local Press is indignant; but clearly the Governor's action was the only action possible under the circumstances, according to all the traditions of our public life. Mr. Morine and his friends seem to resent very bitterly the action of the Governor, and, if the Colonial Office support him, may extend their resentment towards the Home Government. Mr. Morine is an influential man in the Legislature of Newfoundland, and hostile action by himself and his followers might seriously impede the settlement between the United States and Canada, to which Newfoundland is a party. We have not forgotten the unfortunate "modus vivendi" over the bait question. But any such policy must be a short-sighted one, if pursued. Public feeling in England is strongly sympathetic towards the colony.

There is still another possible motive for Sir William Harcourt's sudden resignation which has not been suggested. The leader of the Opposition may have been prompted by a morbid curiosity to know what his contemporaries, and especially his friends, would say about him when he was, politically speaking, dead and buried. Lord Brougham caused the blinds of his house to be pulled down, and sent the news of his death to the newspapers in order that he might read the leading article on himself in the "Times" next morning. He was furious, of course; and we wonder whether Sir William Harcourt was any better pleased with the orations spoken over his grave by friends and foes. There is a homely saw that listeners never hear any good of themselves.

The cost of telegraphing has, no doubt, prevented us from knowing more exactly the significance of the mob opposition to the new Land Tax in Japan; but the street rows and disorderly scenes in the Diet must have been serious to have been worth reporting at all. There are domestic difficulties ahead for Japan not unlike those produced in Italy by the crushing weight of armaments and by too ambitious statesmanship. Additional taxation, which the Japanese can ill afford to bear, is unavoidable. Students of Mr. B. Brennan's Special Report to the Foreign Office are well aware that the stability of the kingdom will be severely tested by the pressure put upon the taxpayer. "It is clear," he says, "that Japan is living beyond her income." "Everything points to a coming period of financial stringency when the burden of taxation must grow more and more heavy if an equilibrium is to be maintained." By the time the naval and military programme is completed seven years hence, the ordinary expenditure of the country will have reached the figure of 173,000,000 yen—twice the sum that sufficed before the war with China. The Japanese are already finding out that, notwithstanding the balance of 10,000,000 yen after paying the expenses of the war out of the Chinese indemnity, the financial prospects of the country are somewhat gloomy. Recourse can be had to loans. But Mr. Brennan shows that a good deal of the industrial activity of Japan is fictitious.

There is a valuable object lesson for British farmers and manufacturers to be found in the Christmas geese now on the markets. Immense numbers of these reach us from Germany, where they are only fattened during a few weeks before Christmas with a view to English requirements. Their place of origin is White Russia. Almost the entire foreign trade of White Russia is in German hands, the buyers of farm produce for Germany being also the representatives of German manufacturing firms. From this association between importers and exporters nearly all the farming

and dairy produce exported from this part of Russia is paid for in articles of German manufacture. As, however, the greater part of these products is eventually re-exported to England, British consumers of Russian geese, cheese, eggs, and butter are really paying for German manufactures furnished to the Russian agriculturists, but which might have been supplied from this country if the special requirements of Russian rural districts were better known.

The Inspector-General's report on the liquidation of companies last year contains an admirable analysis of the evils from which joint stock enterprise is suffering. As we read the Inspector-General's diagnosis one almost wonders that the public ever has the courage to invest its money at all in new enterprises. Perhaps the most widespread evil is that of over-capitalisation and the creation of fictitious capital represented by fictitious assets. Acts of Parliament dealing with companies have too readily assumed a correspondence between capital and substantial assets, and have not adequately provided that the correspondence shall be a fact. The Inspector-General is of opinion that a company-promoter is under no legal obligation to show that what he hands over to the company in exchange for the issue of its scrip is of any intrinsic value whatever. The due enactment of such an obligation cannot be enforced by Parliament a day too soon. But the lack to which we have referred does not exhaust by any means the value question. There is, for example, the method adopted in arriving at a valuation of the property to be sold to prospective shareholders. Valuations are too frequently made by "experts" employed and paid by the vendors.

It is to be hoped that the Government will find an opportunity of tackling the whole question of company-promotion in the ensuing Session. It is not an easy subject to tackle—it bristles with difficulties at every step; but that is no adequate reason for leaving it alone, more especially as many of the evils concerned seem to be on the increase, notwithstanding the enlightening efforts of the Press. There will always be a gullible public ready to swallow the baits which prospectus-writers know so well how to dress alluringly. Nor is the gullible class the only class of investors which suffers from unscrupulous company-promotion. Unless an investor rigidly confines his investments to just those particular and local industries with whose bearings he is thoroughly well acquainted, he is bound to be, to a considerable extent, in a condition of layman-like and dangerous ignorance concerning the company in which he embarks his capital. Whenever the subject of company-reform is mooted there is always raised the cry about interfering with legitimate enterprise; but very much can be done without at all endangering industrial development. Indeed, the present uncertainty as to whether an undertaking is genuine or fraudulent hinders many a man from investing in what is probably a sound undertaking. Prospectus-compilers should be compelled to provide fuller information. At present a prospectus is often perfectly accurate in what it states, but it omits important facts concerning the projected company which, if stated, would put an entirely different colour on the undertaking.

Of all the ills which afflict poor humanity none perhaps is more dreaded than consumption. Sympathy with the objects of the meeting held at Marlborough House on Tuesday must in consequence be universal. More than 60,000 people die in the United Kingdom every year from some form of tuberculosis, and Sir William Broadbent estimates that as many as 200 catch the disease every day. Appalling though these statistics are, medical science is now in a position to prove that consumption is preventable if due precautions are taken, and curable if grappled with in time. When it is said that in fifty years the mortality from this particular source has been reduced by 50 per cent. we realise what strides have been made. The disease is caught through inhaling air charged with bacilli which have escaped from the expectorations of affected persons, or through milk from tuberculous cows. Recently, thirty-six cows on the Queen's Farm were

destroyed because they were found to be suffering from tubercle. An inspection made for the purposes of Lord Vernon's dairies, we are informed, showed that no less than 40 per cent. of the animals were affected. Sir William Broadbent's speech should be carefully studied. Publicity, as Lord Salisbury said, is what is wanted, and if a summary of the leading facts adduced were posted up in factories, railway carriages, and other places much good might result.

The principle of central control in Secondary Education, subject to the addition of an advisory council, seems to be more or less accepted all round. The constitution of local authorities presents greater difficulties. Two quite distinct questions are involved in the constitution of these latter bodies. The first, which deals with the composition, has not yet found a solution. And as long as the various local bodies interested are unable to sink or settle their present differences, there can be little chance of the Government tackling the question. These rival authorities can scarcely expect the Government to make up their own mind for them, or attempt to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, by risking the rejection of the generally accepted principle of central control, which they would if they linked it with the solution of this highly contentious problem. The second question involved is still more fatal to the immediate setting up of these bodies. For even suppose their composition were agreed upon, there remains the further more difficult question of what they are exactly to do. In fact, this cannot be settled till the central authority has got well to work and, by defining Secondary Education and grading and classifying schools, has rendered it possible to ascertain what is the precise nature and quantity of the education supplied in each area. Then, and not till then, can any local authority obtain a clear view of its domain and the deficiencies it will have to supplement.

The "Ornaments Rubric" has been a bone of contention for the greater part of this century, and will continue to be so as long as the extreme positions are held by the opposing parties in the Church. Mr. Allen Whitworth has done good service in proposing a middle way, which might serve as an *éclat* if such were seriously desired. The extreme ritualist contention would restore all the mediæval "ornaments," and by necessary inference all the mediæval ceremonies; but this assumes that the Reformation effected no changes at all in the mode of conducting Divine worship, a position which is not tenable. On the other hand, the extreme Protestant view that the "Ornaments Rubric" is utterly obsolete, and has no binding force whatever, is patently inadmissible. The rubric was deliberately re-inserted by the authorities of Church and State in 1662, and it cannot be supposed that they reinserted it except with the design that it should be observed, although their own conduct shows that they did not judge that particular time expedient for putting the rubric in force.

The Archbishop of York lays his finger on the real difficulty when he points out that the introduction of "Vestments" under this rubric ought not to be carried out merely by the authority of the parish priest. Dr. Maclagan desires that "in cases where a change is contemplated by any parish priest, or where unusual customs have already been adopted, he, as his Bishop, should be consulted." This is not only reasonable in itself, but plainly necessary if the order of the Church is not to be dangerously disturbed. The Ornaments Rubric might be enforced wherever in the opinion of the Bishop its enforcement would not offend the legitimate preferences of the parishioners. Against those preferences it certainly ought not to be enforced by the mere authority of an incumbent.

Criticism of the Primate's Charge has come in an unexpected form and from an unexpected quarter. The Duke of Argyll is indignant at the implied assertion that the Presbyterian Kirk holds merely a commemorative view of the Holy Communion. He maintains with energy and success the sacramental orthodoxy of his Church, at least so far as its formal declarations of doctrine are concerned. It would be difficult to sustain the charge of Zwinglianism against the language of the Westminster Confession that "the body and the blood of

Christ is as really but spiritually present to the faith of believers as the elements themselves are to their outward senses." The Duke writes more in sorrow than in anger. He describes the present Primate as "one of the best and truest prelates that has ever sat on the throne of Canterbury." We entirely accept this view, and have no doubt that the Archbishop will take an early opportunity to allay the resentment which he has unwittingly provoked over the border. We think the Duke will be more easily appeased than will the indignation of certain "Protestants," within and without the Church, at the fact of the Scottish Presbyterians rejecting the merely commemorative view of the Holy Communion.

The Westminster Play is one of the few survivals of genuine antiquity which one is allowed to enjoy in these iconoclastic days. Hence its undying charm. But one has to pay for it in seats not ideal in respect of comfort, in ventilation which is rudimentary, and in evils of which it is kinder not to speak. This year's performance of the *Andria* was well up to the standard which has been set for generations. But it is not of the play that one chiefly feels disposed to write. The main things are the Prologue and the Epilogue in which academic seriousness and academic fun say their say on the events of the hour. This year the Prologue was in effect a stately encomium of the stately personality of the late Dean Liddell, who was the incarnation of the *μεγαλο πριγκιπ*; while the Epilogue was the triumph of the very worst, that is to say, of the very best puns. The best efforts of the committee of punsters were, perhaps, the line in which the warrior returned from Egypt speaks of the *telum ingens dum dum*, and adds, "*testes mihi tum tum*." Then there was a priceless Baby, which objected to a toy horse, and said, "*Nugae*" (i.e., new-gee). When there was a breakage of china it wept, and said, "*Wei-hai-wei*," which brought down the house.

Another great point was made when the Baby wept over its toy-dog, and the Nurse took the dog in her hand and said with infinite pathos, "*Fies*." The numerous jokes about *Sirdar absurda surda* also had great effect on the patriotic audience. In fact, the hit of the evening was the appearance of "An Emissary of Civilisation" in French uniform in eager converse with the Sirdar. The applause seemed as if it would never cease. Westminster is obviously true to the study of conservative and imperialist faith which so well befits an ancient seat of learning, as was proved by the roars of laughter which shook the roof when Sir William Harcourt was mercilessly held up to ridicule. Another good point about the Epilogue was that it was made to fit more than usually well with the play which had preceded it. It was not all as good as Calverley; but to expect that it should be would be unreasonable. Some graceful personal allusions to Dr. Rutherford were received as they should be received.

There is a hitch in the arrangements for opera at Covent Garden next season. The agreement between the proprietor of the Opera House and the Syndicate is at an end, and Mr. Faber wants to "run the show" himself. For this he has the advantage of possessing exclusive right of performance of many of the most popular and some of the best works. But he suffers under a disadvantage of having no singers, of whom the best known have unanimously declined to sing for any but the syndicate. Thus it might come to a choice between the better operas badly sung at Covent Garden, and the worse well (or fairly well) sung at Drury Lane. But we hope, as we cannot help believing, that some compromise between Mr. Faber and Lord De Grey will be reached, which will deliver London from this unfortunate choice.

Sir Edward Grey must be amused by the references to himself in regard to the Opposition Leadership in the House of Commons, which have appeared in various newspapers of late—if he sees them. Most of them are well meant, and nearly all ridiculous. Sir Edward's thoughts have been running in quite another direction for some time past, as will be seen from the volume from his pen which will appear next spring.

CHRISTMAS.

THERE is a pathos in the unique popularity of Christmas which no thoughtful student of human life can wholly miss. The coarsest and least attractive sections of the community respond in rough fashion indeed; but with a certain uplifting of mind, which is in itself a revelation to the discerning, to the Appeal at once consolatory and reproachful of the great Festival. No stratum of society escapes the contagion of its observance, and from none is its distinctive character altogether concealed. Beneath the vulgarity and excess of conventional festivity there are audible the notes of self-reproach, of wistful hope, of anxious question. Has the fair promise of that Birth in Bethlehem obtained in the long probation of two millenniums any adequate fulfilment? Does the experience of the Christian centuries authenticate or dispel as a vain vision the programme of the angels, "Peace on earth, goodwill toward men?" Does the aspect of contemporary Christendom permit the belief that the Religion of the Incarnation enshrines the best possibilities, and secures the highest attainment of the human race? Unquestionably there is much to suggest a despondent answer to these "obstinate questionings." What Mr. John Morley calls "the mean and dolorous circumstance of this cycle of wrong" faces the social student to-day with an aggressive prominence and a sharp-cut definiteness of outline that must sober the most enthusiastic and depress the most exultant. Christianity seems to totter on its most ancient and famous seats. Perhaps the most distressing element in the weird pageant of brazen wickedness which for many months has been presented to the view of mankind on the stage of Paris is the sinister fact that official Christian influences are steadily, and, as it seems, inexorably on the side of wrong. That member of the European family of Christian nations which beyond the rest has been moulded by the Christian Church has been shown under the sudden pressure of a disastrous war to be morally bankrupt. What is known to be the state of Spain is, on too good grounds, suspected to be the state of Italy. With suggestive unanimity the Roman Catholic nations unite to present the spectacle not merely of political decline, but also, which is far more serious, of moral degeneration behind political decline, and causing it. If the inquiry be pursued in the Protestant spheres the result, if not so painful, is yet by no means wholly reassuring. The fierce and hungry competition of the Anglo-Saxon communities, the widespread social discontent provoked by the sharp contrasts of luxury and destitution among citizens whom the perilous courage of modern democratic statesmanship has endowed with political equality, the cynical politics, and oppressive militarism of Protestant Germany unite to provide a comment on Christianity scarcely less depressing than that yielded by the Latin nations. Facing the world as we know it, we share the misgivings of the old Pope, who musingly sets in opposition the vastness of the Christian claim, and the disappointing results of historic Christianity.

And is this little all that was to be?
Where is the gloriously-decisive change,
Metamorphosis the immeasurable
Of human clay to divine gold, we looked
Should, in some poor sort, justify its price?

We cannot pretend to dispute the gravity of this question, or its legitimacy, or the difficulty which surrounds the answer. Nevertheless, we do not shrink from submitting that, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, the "great experiment of Christianity" has not failed, and that the thoughtful student of human society may take his place among the celebrants of Christmas, if with a more chastened and less enthusiastic joy than that of the multitude, yet with a more rational and deliberate conviction.

Doubt has been called the "raw material of faith," and so it may be maintained that the mere fact of the anxiety we have described is some argument against its validity. At least our misgivings reveal the strength of our conviction that the wrongs of the world are indefensible and scandalous, and that conviction itself is no mean evidence of moral advance, and, we may add, no

vain prophesy that those wrongs are in the way to be mitigated or even altogether overcome.

Moreover, it can hardly be denied that the Christian Ideals of Character and Duty still hold an unquestioned supremacy over the best conscience of mankind. The deliberate verdict of J. S. Mill is not likely to be reversed, that "Religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man (*i.e.*, Jesus Christ) as the ideal representative and guide of humanity, nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." Christmas, perhaps, owes its unequalled attraction to the fact that it carries the mind back beyond the historic scandals, behind the doubtful or oppressive theological and ecclesiastical developments to the primal starting-point of Christianity. We face, without intercepting media, the Personality of the Founder; we stand beside the fountain from which the river has come. Seen in its later reaches the stream is muddied and unpleasing, apt to rush in disastrous flood over the adjoining lands, bent to strange services of trade and pleasure and crime, pouring into the ocean at last mingled and corrupted waters, but seen here in its origin limpid and crystal-clean.

And, further, the Christian ideal of character and life is no mere abstraction, amusing the pious indolence of mystics or adorning the compositions of sacred eloquence. It is a living power in the world. It wins the passionate acceptance of all sorts and conditions of men. It moves individuals to the most heroic sacrifices of ease, fortune, and life; there is no motive that can compare with it in mastery and permanence. This is as true to-day as in any previous age. The movements of modern thought affect, perhaps fatally, many of the time-honoured expressions of Christian belief. Theology cannot escape the influences of intellectual progress, nor can worship remain unaffected by the fortunes of creeds: but here there is no change, and here alone. "Dogma everywhere has fallen into the background," writes Harnack; "in the Eastern Church it has given place to ritual, in the Roman Church to ecclesiastical institutions, in the Protestant Churches, so far as they are mindful of their origin to the Gospel." We should be disposed to say that in every section of Christendom the same significant phenomenon is to be seen, though in the case of Protestants it is, for obvious reasons, more easily visible. Everywhere men are fastening on the personality of Christ as the living core of Christianity, and giving in their allegiance to the Ideal of Character and Duty which the Gospels present. Probably there is hardly an educated man in this country who does not count among his relatives and friends some whose careers have been determined against their secular interests by the influence of the Evangelic Ideal.

Finally, we submit that the practical effects of this enthusiasm are uniformly good. Often, indeed, in the same individual, motives are so mingled that it is hard, if not wholly impossible, to track the influence of any single motive. The chalice which any man pours forth into the general life is strangely mixed. Nevertheless, on a broad view of society, it is not hard to see that the distinctive influence of the Evangelic Ideal—that is, of Christ's Personal Example, has been invariably beneficent. All students of society recognise the social peril of those sharp contrasts of wealth and poverty which are at once the characteristic and the scandal of luxurious civilisation. What is it in Christendom that mitigates these contrasts, that throws across the chasms of our complicated life the subtle links of philanthropy? What is it in our midst that stamps mere wealth as vulgar, and mere luxury as disgraceful, and mere success as unworthy? The answer cannot be doubtful for one moment. So long as English people are trained in the knowledge of the Gospel they will carry into their life the antidote to the class selfishness which was the disgrace of classical civilisation, and the only known corrective of that moral corruption which seems to be the natural effect of urban life. We are not here concerned with the truth of Christian doctrine; we are now wholly indifferent to the claims of the Churches. Our present argument

takes account merely of social facts, which are as patent to the unbeliever as to the avowed Christian. We do not now discuss the question whether or not these excellent effects could be secured apart from Christianity, whether there is any effective substitute for the Evangelic ideal in the thought of this century. We have a very definite conviction on the subject, but it is irrelevant to this discussion. We point to the broad facts of contemporary life, and we claim that the doubtful and plainly evil consequences of historic Christianity cannot be connected with the Person or Teaching of the Founder, for these are still operative among us with fresh, original force, and we can judge them in their social fruits. The charity which consoles the hardships of social existence, the justice which restrains the natural tendency of wealth and power towards oppression, the aggressive resentment against wrong which wages unceasing warfare against unwholesome conditions at home and profitable iniquities abroad, the self-accusing conscience which converts the opportunities of victory into the obligations of duty—all these, the forces of righteousness in the Nation, are plainly deducible from that Ideal Life, which first broke on human view on Christmas Day.

DEMOCRATIC DIPLOMACY.

NEATLY, kindly, but very clearly, Lord Salisbury gave the world to understand, from the tables of the Constitutional Club, that Sir Edmund Monson's new departure in diplomacy was not made upon instructions from Downing Street. We are glad that this is so, though we did not believe it. Some time ago Lord Salisbury complained, half humorously, that it was difficult to play a rubber with an officious friend behind your chair, who kept shouting, "Why do you lead hearts when you have six spades?" or, "Why throw away the seven of diamonds when the five would have taken the trick?" The metaphor was not inapt, for the international relations between any two countries are in reality a game of whist in which a Foreign Secretary and his Ambassador play against a Foreign Secretary and his Ambassador. There is Lord Salisbury in London and Sir Edmund Monson in Paris; and there is M. Delcassé at the Quai D'Orsay and M. Cambon at Albert Gate. If Lord Salisbury wishes to make a communication to the French Government, he can either do it by writing a despatch to Sir Edmund Monson, who communicates it to M. Delcassé; or he may talk to M. Cambon, who writes the conversation to M. Delcassé. When a Foreign Secretary says one thing to the French Ambassador in London and writes another thing to the British Ambassador in Paris, dire confusion is the result. For instance, the day after Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*, on the 2 December, 1851, Lord Palmerston told Count Walewski, the French Ambassador in London, that he approved of the step. Two days later he sent a despatch to Lord Normanby, our Ambassador in Paris, instructing him to express no opinion on passing events, and not to meddle in the internal politics of France. Lord Palmerston explained that he merely expressed his personal opinion to Count Walewski; but that the despatch was the opinion of the Cabinet, an explanation which was so far from satisfying the Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, that he dismissed the Foreign Secretary. A glance at the life of Lord Palmerston, at the memoirs of Talleyrand, Beust, or Lord Malmesbury, will surely convince the most cocksure democrat that of all the branches of politics, diplomacy is the most complicated, the most scientific, and the one requiring the longest training for its practice. Can there be greater madness than to call upon the general public to take a hand in such a game? Palmerston complained bitterly of the ignorance of his colleagues, and said that very few public men in England followed foreign politics closely enough to be able to take an intelligent part in debate. If this is true of Cabinet Ministers, how much truer is it of the man in the street, and even of the leader writer! We all know the gentlemen who write the leading articles in the newspapers. They are

all honourable men, educated at public schools and the universities, and, with one or two exceptions, scornfully ignorant of foreign languages, foreign history, foreign courts, foreign politicians, and foreign geography. Yet these are the men who, with the utmost gravity, undertake to tell Lord Salisbury and the nation what should be done in any given crisis of international politics. It is one of the most striking paradoxes of English journalism that its sense of responsibility seems to vary in the inverse ratio of the importance of the subject. If some topic of domestic politics is on the carpet, such as the law of licensing or registration, it will be discussed with an informed sobriety and a careful consideration of all the interests concerned that make our Press the admiration of the world. But if it is a question involving the calamity of war, the killing of thousands, the spending of millions, and the arrest of industrial development for perhaps half a century, grave argument gives place to vulgar boasts and threats and imputations, the one thing needful being to take a strong line against the foreigner. Any one who dares to hint that there may be two sides to the question, or at least that good breeding demands some such assumption, is too often denounced as unpatriotic. And it is to this tribunal that the democratic diplomatist appeals! The best argument for signed articles is that the newspapers would thereby be deprived of the power of making mischief in international disputes. It is urged in favour of the system of public diplomacy that the nation is the best judge of its own interests. In domestic politics, yes, though not always. In foreign politics it is hardly ever seised of the information requisite to form a correct judgment. In the eighteenth century the aristocracy did not take the public into their confidence. Yet the wars waged by Chatham and his son snatched the new world from France, and laid the foundations of our Empire. The first European war as to which the British public may be said to have been consulted was that in the Crimea; and they were strongly in favour of that not very creditable, certainly unfortunate, and probably unnecessary campaign. Of all kinds of cant the most dangerous is that of taking into the confidence of serious experts in diplomacy a public, which can only judge right by accident, and whose anonymous impulse may plunge the world into immeasurable calamity.

It is the fashion to assume that the old diplomacy was muddling and feeble, and that its secrecy merely masked incompetence. Sometimes it was so, no doubt, as when Lord Palmerston begged our Minister at Naples (his brother, by the way) to put something more interesting in his despatches than the movements of the Royal Family. But Lord Palmerston guided the foreign policy of this country for nearly a quarter of a century under the secret system, and no one can accuse him of want of clearness or courage. In 1831, upon the rupture between Belgium and Holland, the French troops occupied Belgium. Lord Palmerston wrote to Lord Granville, our Ambassador in Paris, in these words: "One thing is certain—the French must go out of Belgium, or we have a general war, and war in a given number of days." In 1840 France showed a disposition to support Mehemet Ali against the Sultan, which was contrary to the policy of Great Britain. Lord Palmerston thereupon sent the following instructions to our Ambassador: "If Thiers should again hold to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you; and with that skill of language which I know you to be the master of, convey to him in the most friendly and inoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile." Certainly no fumbling or humbug about this; and yet Lord Palmerston kept us out of war without stopping every ten minutes to feel the popular pulse. Is there, under the new diplomacy, any Ambassador whose influence can be compared with that of the Great Eltchi at Con-

stantinople? "Except that a frigate under the English flag lay at anchor in the Golden Horn, there was no seeming change in the outward world. Yet all was changed. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe had entered once more the palace of the English Embassy. The event spread a sense of safety, but also a sense of awe. It seemed to bring with it confusion to the enemies of Turkey, but austere reproof for past errors at home, and punishment where punishment was due, and an enforcement of hard toils and painful sacrifices of many kinds, and a long farewell to repose. It was the angry return of a king whose realm had been suffered to fall into danger." Making allowance for Kinglake's picturesque style, one cannot help contrasting this sort of influence with the amiable vacuity or confused meddling which characterises too many of our modern diplomatists. Indeed, nothing is more serious to-day than the lack of commanding ability in our diplomatic service. It cannot be that there is less cleverness; it must be that there is more nervousness. When an Ambassador is thinking what the newspapers will say about his despatch, or is waiting for the next cable from his chief, his power of initiative is gone. We hope that Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery, too, when his turn comes, will revert to reticence, for publicity is impairing the influence of our diplomacy, and imperilling the peace of the world.

THE PRESTIGE OF ENGLAND.

IT is well for the climber when he can find foothold secure enough for a breathing-place between the crevasse behind him and the bastioned ice above. It is well for England that she can make this Christmastide a sheltered niche from which she can survey the perils that are past, and brace herself stoutly for the perils that are to come, since no one, who looks at the political world steadily, and sees that world as a whole, will venture to say that all is well. The questions at issue are too many, the forces at work are too antagonistic to permit such optimism in the mind of the thoughtful man. He may have the sincerest desire for peace and goodwill, even to the limited extent of reduced armaments and a five years' truce, but a sober outlook on the world will not encourage him to dream this dream of the impossible. It is rather war that looms ahead than Golden Age of peace; for even if the rulers of the nations were to decree a truce of God, they have still to reckon with the passions of their people. It is pitiful to have to say this, but it would be folly to refrain from saying it because it is pitiful.

In these circumstances it will be wisdom on the part of Englishmen to realise exactly where they stand. The detached outlook, however, is not natural to us. When we attempt it we are always astonished, and not seldom irritated, to find that our national aims are misconstrued and our national character misunderstood. As for our prestige, and the mode in which it appeals to neighbouring nations, we rarely give it a thought. The day's work, and the steady grapple with the day's work, that is to us all in all. Prestige! We know the alien word in some sort, but the idea it conveys to us is almost as alien as the word. This is our strength; this also is our weakness. To the Englishman this is strength, inasmuch as it permits him to fling his concentrated energy upon the work in hand. To England it is a weakness, inasmuch as it encourages the belief in neighbouring nations that here is a busy shop, and nothing but shopkeepers to guard it. For they have said to themselves, these neighbours of ours, that trading is the only thing that interests Englishmen; that all their affairs, especially their colonial affairs, are subject to bargain-making with a view to profit. Even if they are pushed hard, these Englishmen, and the bargain makes for loss instead of profit, they will not move. They are too careful of the shop, too eager to conserve the pence in the till, to venture upon war-risks. True they have a navy of which they are proud; their

pride in it was very manifest in the Jubilee year, when they exhibited their long battle line to the world. But it is a toy, a wondrous and expensive toy, by means of which they persuade themselves that they are still a warlike people ready for warlike deeds. They have the old Berserk traditions, these islanders, but not the old Berserk spirit.

The proof that such thoughts were in the minds of Continental neighbours is found exhibited in their diplomatic attitude. Take the case of France. It is the merest truism to say that the average Englishman has a cordial liking for the average Frenchman; the old enmity of the Napoleonic wars has clean disappeared, and in its place stands for symbol the close comradeship of the Crimea. Yet for many years the French Government has not ceased to inflict upon us an irritating diplomacy. It is needless to enumerate the times and the occasions when they sought to thwart us. The truth is that we ourselves are to blame, in some measure, for the persistency of the pin-prick policy. A love of peace; a certain slowness to take offence; a certain readiness to compromise; a sure knowledge that we had in the last resort the power to enforce our claims—these were some of the reasons that led us to accept the French pin-pricking with quietness. Our prestige had been slowly sapped; but this we did not realise; it is hard for us to realise it now. Yet that, in truth, was what had happened. Upon no other grounds is the Fashoda incident explainable. Our prestige gone, France was ready to face our displeasure, sure in her own mind that, whatever risks were involved, there was no risk of war. She has been undeceived.

We have a horror of national boasting; but it is not boasting to see things as they are and so describe them. The Fashoda incident has opened the eyes of the world. Now, as to the advantage of this country, as more than one foreign ambassador has admitted, that incident has restored English prestige, and restored it doubly; for it has shown on the one hand that we can and will fight if necessary, but not, on the other hand, until it is necessary. Amid all the heat, even of his own party, Lord Salisbury remained cool, and thereby achieved a moral advantage for his country. The fact is fully recognised by Europe; and in time, when the present soreness has disappeared, it will probably be recognised by France. It confirms anew, if the thing required confirmation, that British statesmen, interpreting the best instincts of the British people, are in favour of concord with their neighbours, not from fear of war, but from a true love of peace. It is England's answer to the Czar's rescript.

If these things give us cause for satisfaction there is occasion, serious occasion, to temper it with anxiety. For some time it has been obvious that our trade prestige is slowly being sapped. Germany and the United States are our good friends, yet we cannot hide it from ourselves that they are rivals, and increasingly successful rivals, in the field of trade. Year by year they are reaping in a measure what we have sown, entering into our labours in regions which we once claimed for our own. It would be foolish to quarrel with this friendly rivalry; it would show wisdom were we to examine the causes of this decline in our commercial prestige, and resolutely set ourselves to devise the necessary reforms, for the remedy is largely in our own hands. The markets of the world are expanding, but our methods are slow to adapt themselves to the new markets and the new conditions of competition. The world-customer—with the polyglot German at one elbow with his cheapness, and the American at the other elbow with his smartness—is now beginning to leave the Englishman, to his but no one's else astonishment. And if our methods of distribution are bad, our methods of production are not perfect. The illiteracy, if we may use the term, of masters and men alike in the improved technique of their crafts is alarming. In technical, as in other education, we talk much and do little. It is a hard truth to accept, yet truth it is, that the commercial and industrial prestige of England is suffering eclipse. Commercial men are

fond of attributing this falling off solely to the action of trades unions. It is true, undeniably true, that rash and unstatesmanlike conduct on the part of trades unionists has on occasion been seriously detrimental to English trade. Opposition to mechanical improvements, an opposition which arises out of ignorance, and the choice of occasions for strikes peculiarly dangerous to English trade in its relation to foreign competitors, are the worst features of trade union action. But at most it is but an incident in commercial history. It is not in any sense a cause of decline, and it is mere self-delusion for English traders to persuade themselves that it is.

We are not, as was once charged against a people of infinite prestige, afraid to speak for fear of despair. England is still England; and the pride with which we regard our past strengthens us to point out one more evidence of decadence at the present time. There is a strange new tone of what Lord Salisbury calls rhapsody in the voice of some Englishmen who assume to represent the ideal of their countrymen; and this voice, when it becomes articulate, expresses itself in sentimentality. Such a form of speech is alien to the Englishman; it holds no place in his temperament; it is at odds with his traditions; and the sooner it disappears out of our public life the safer it will be for England. Not by rose-coloured dreams, but by looking truth in the face, by applying patient methods to practical ends, Englishmen will retain their prestige through the world.

RICH AND POOR.

UGHT a man to be quite happy, who sits down to dinner knowing that another will dine less well than himself? We commend this conundrum to all who may find conversation difficult after the somewhat solid repasts required by the traditions of the season. Some there may be, educated in a quaint old school of theology, who would see in the fact of others being less fortunate than they a special ground for thankfulness. The good souls do not realise that such self-gratulation is but a variant on the old pagan's delight at seeing others tossing in the storm, while he was safe on firm ground. But these would be few—the most part, in the genial frame of mind that comes after a big dinner and before indigestion, would roundly admit they wished every man, woman, and child had dined as well as they. Nor would the wish be insincere, for the man of the world is usually a good-hearted creature, to the extent his power of feeling admits of. He, then, would not be quite happy, since he has a wish unfulfilled. But the question was not whether he is, but whether he ought to be happy. This is answered in the affirmative, because, it is said, there are men who have a worse dinner, for the simple reason that they do not deserve one so good. Obviously, however, there is more cause for grief over the man who has a bad character as well as bad food than over him who has at least one thing good—his character. So that either way we are not and ought not to be quite happy, if there are less fortunate diners than ourselves. And yet how happy we are, though we know that very many not merely dine badly but practically do not dine at all! This discovery of happiness, in spite of themselves, is so reassuring to many whom such discussions make a bit uncomfortable that they quietly seize the occasion to retire. A few, however, will remain to face the question: Can we get rid of a state of things in which, though universal, we do not, and ought not, to acquiesce?

The classical contrast between East and West is made once more, with the result that the social reformer is minded to run Eastward to give a shilling out of his own pocket, while the politician turns Westward to get a shilling to give out of the pocket of someone else. It is soon perceived, however, that this is no question of personal or class iniquity; that, as we once heard a well-known Socialist declare, the rich are as much the victims of a system as the poor. It is the good fortune of the rich to be where they are, and the bad fortune of the poor not to be somewhere else. If that is so, can it be questioned that the poor are

as much entitled to attempt to get into the seats of the rich as are the latter to keep them out—which is revolution? To this is opposed the ancient metaphor of the body: in other words, it is better for the whole that things should be as they are, though less good for some than others; and this undermines our original conclusion. A fresher figure may be pressed into service. The golden flowers of the common iris enjoy themselves in the sun and the free air, while the strength of the whole plant is drawn from roots that never see light, hidden deep in the slime. Could anything be more unjust? What wonder if the roots, by a gigantic convulsion, projected themselves into the air and lowered the flowers in the mud. The picture alone is enough to kill the suggestion, while a graver moral is drawn from the doom that would promptly overtake the revolutionised flag. It may yet, however, be urged that the mistake lay in one class taking the place of another, before it was prepared for its changed environment. This must mean a turn about on gradual rather than revolutionary lines, which leaves the problem of poverty as little solved as before, or it must mean the conversion into flower of all the energies and tissues of the plant, a process which, if possible at all, would produce a monstrosity, glorious indeed, but short-lived, and without successors. We are forced to admit that work, vast in volume and variety, but uniformly unpleasant and what is called inferior and sometimes "menial," is necessary to the existence of a civilised community; that such work could hardly be carried through but for the existence of thousands, who are able to do nothing better, or cannot perceive that there is anything better to do. Both in nature and in civilised life workers are kept to their departments, be they low or high, sad or happy. The one exception, the department of government, proves the rule, since trial has shown that the success of democracy depends on its willingness to abdicate, in practice, in favour of a few. Gross inequality then is inevitable; the great majority must fail to realise their best; poverty is not a stigma a nation should be ashamed of, but a necessity to be admitted and reckoned on. This seemingly irresistible conclusion, conscience and instinct obstinately decline to admit. We cannot allow that it is meet and right that men and women, every one of whom is a unit in himself, should fall far short—we will not say of the best of which they are capable but, to speak in plain words—of a fairly happy and refined life. But if the necessities of the common life, in which they are a factor, conflict with any radical improvement in their lot, what is the way out? The writer of "Social Evolution" calls in religion to help him out of the difficulty, putting Christianity, as we think, to no very worthy use. The poor man is to put up with the inevitable order which condemns him to hardship, because he is to have such a splendid time hereafter. That is surely not Christianity. If, on the other hand, it is argued on the old lines that poverty is no hurt to a man, that spiritual things are the only realities, religion is divorced from the practical life of nation and of individual with disastrous results, whether more disastrous to religious faith or practical life it would be hard to say. It seems that the problem of poverty involves one of the not very rare contradictions between reason and right. "The poor always ye have with you" was surely intended as an expression of the insoluble nature of the problem from a philosophic point of view. Characteristically, the divine Author of the saying was careful that a speculative impasse should not land us in sterility of action. Care for the poor was made a test of spiritual health. Whether we can or cannot get rid of the economic or rational necessity of poverty and inequality, we must, both nationally and privately, act as if we could. We do not forget that there is one ideal which claims that it would, as it possibly might, untie the knot even on earth. To most men this ideal is foolishness, while even they who see that it is far from foolish, hardly know whether the "cloud of glory" is trailed from a past, or rising on an unknown future.

A CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

HAD'ST Thou been born in royal June,
Month of lush meadows and the rose,
What store of sweets our hands had culled
To crown Thy Birthday, and compose
A meet enclosure, fragrant, fair,
As round Thee played the mellow air!

Had'st Thou been born when hearts leap up
To greet the cloudless azure sky,
How had responsive Nature thrilled
With dance and song our revelry,
Heralding o'er the exultant earth
The grace of her Creator's birth!

But in December, cheerless, chill,
Bare are the woods; the rigid fields
Lie bare beneath the brooding gray;
Nor one poor bloom its beauty yields,
For all our wandering wearily,
Betwixt so drear an earth and sky.

The timid beasts lie hid, the birds
Are flown afar or linger dumb:
The still, dank air hangs motionless,
That once was musical with hum
Of quivering life: her untold store
Of loveliness earth yields no more.

Yet turn not desolate away,
In grief thou find'st not anything
Meet for an offering to thy God:
A gift more welcome shalt thou bring
Than all rich Nature holds, or Art—
A loving and an upright Heart!

SELWYN IMAGE.

"AT TORFAIEH."

A SHADE of dissatisfaction crept over the dark, handsome face of Najim, the Syrian, as he sat cleaning his pistol at the door of the factory at Cape Juby. In front the desert, flat, sandy, and grown over with low "sudra" bushes, as is the prairie overgrown with mezquite and with huisache in Western Texas. Behind, the sea, shipless and desolate, breaking upon the coast in long lines of surf, thundering and roaring ceaselessly. On the horizon a faint blue cloud just indicated the whereabouts of Lanzarote.

The factory itself, square-built and ugly, looking just like a piece of Manchester adrift in Africa, only redeemed from stark vulgarity by the cannon on the roof. Upon a little island, about three hundred yards to seaward, the fort looked frowningly, and showed the nozzles of its three guns through embrasures pointing towards the shore, as emblems of the milder faith the pious traders hoped to introduce.

Mecca and Galilee; the sword and fishing net; on the one hand barbarity, upon the other progress; long guns, curved daggers, flying haiks, polygamy, the old world life, opposed to cotton goods, arms of precision, store clothes, and the exterior graces which the interior virtues of our time and race induce. Outpost of progress, now, alas! submerged once more in the dark flood of Islam; portion of Scotland, reft from the mother country and erratically disposed in Africa in the same way that bits of Cromarty are found scattered sporadically about the map. Torfaieh was as Scotch, or even still more Scotch, than Peebles, Lesmahagow, or the Cowcaddens, for the setting went for nothing in comparison with the North British composition of the place. Decent and orderly the Scottish clerks, the tall, red-bearded manager; Scotch the pioneer, known to the Arabs down into the Sahara as "M'Kenzie," he who had found the place, surveyed it, planned to submerge the desert, and to sail to Timbuctoo, had got the company together, had sweated blood and water and regarded "Juby" as the apple of his eye. Order and due precision of accounts, great ledgers, beer upon tap, whisky served out "medicinally," prayers upon Sunday, no trifling with the Arab women

ever allowed, a moral tone, a strict attention to commercial principles, and yet no trade, for by a cursed fate the "doddering" English directors who controlled the cash had sent an order that no trading should be done, as they were waiting for the time when a paternal Government should equip them with a charter, and place them on a level with the Niger Company, and the philanthropists who smoked the "niggers" in the caves of the Matoppo Hills.

Therefore the order ran, "Let no one bringing trade approach the place," and natives having journeyed from the recesses of the desert with camels packed with wool, descried the factory low in the horizon, drank their last draught of water and hurried on their beasts, to find themselves greeted with rifle fire, and told to keep away. Then from the windows broke a fusillade of guns, and Najim, the Syrian interpreter, would mount upon his horse, and galloping towards the wandering, would-be traders, tell them on peril of their lives to keep away if they brought trade, but to come on and camp if they were empty handed. This not unnaturally led to ill-feeling, for the wool had to be buried in the sand till, as the Arabs said, it pleased Allah to restore the company to health.

And so they passed their lives like men upon a ship, not often daring to go far from their factory, occasionally venturing to hunt gazelles, but usually returning, hunted themselves by the exasperated Arabs, who fired on them when and where they got a chance. But not to lose their hold entirely upon the place, the Company paid all the more important chiefs allowances, which they thought tribute, and a feeling of contempt sprang up, tempered with kindness and typified by the phrase "Our Christians;" these they protected and found necessary, but esteemed mad, as are, in fact, all Nazarenes and those who have no knowledge of the Faith. A pleasant, idle, not unhealthy, beery, and contemplative life; few stood it long, but sought relief in drink or else went mad, and all the time the Company was convinced the Arabs (whom they had never seen) were peaceably inclined, though they had had a manager murdered not half a mile outside the gate.

So all went well up and down the coast, into the desert, and up to the Wad Nun, where Dahman-el-Beiruc reigned over the most fanatic of all the tribes. The legend grew about the mad Christians, who fired on traders, but yet paid good allowances to chiefs to encourage trade, and welcomed every one so that he came with empty hands. And then, as if on purpose to confirm the Arabs in their belief that Nazarenes are all stark mad, another rival band of Bedlamites appeared, all bursting to acquire the hypothetic trade and to supplant their brother madmen in the race. Money was freely spent upon the chiefs, five thousand dollars falling to the share of one of them, who brought it loaded upon two camels to an employé of the Cape Juby Company to keep. Then these, too, faded into space, leaving some two or three of their adventurers captive amongst the desert tribes, and gloom settled upon Cape Juby, broken but by the three monthly visits of the chiefs for their allowance, and an occasional interchange of friendly shots at a long range with would-be traders from afar. But in the meantime Najim, the Syrian, rose from interpreter to manager, and all the while he did his duty, entering sacks of rice and bags of bullets, chests of tea, barrels of gunpowder, cases of gin, and bales of cloth in ledgers, or seeing it was duly done by the Scotch clerks, the desert life took hold of him as it has taken hold of many another of those sons of Adam whom a cynic deity has cursed with imagination, and rendered them unfit for ordinary work. The wild old life, the camels, the lean and worthless-looking but untiring desert horses, the blue clad, long-haired Arabs, with their close bargaining for trifles, and boundless generosity in larger things, the low horizon, and the pure language spoken by the people—always a pleasure to a man of Arab blood—took so firm a grip of him that all his sympathies were outside the fort, and his desire was to be like the natives in thought and dress.

When not on duty he wore the Arab clothes, talked with the tribesmen, learned their lore, rode in the

powder play, heard of the "ould el naama" (son of the ostrich), the child, who, lost by his parents, had found a foster-parent in an ostrich, and in whose capture three good mares were tired, and by degrees insensibly grew to think the desert life the best which it has pleased Allah to show to man. All the chiefs knew him and looked on him as a sort of land-mark set up between the Christians and Islam. Arab in blood, Arab in sympathy as regards the desert life, but yet a Christian, their wonder knew no bounds. "You speak like us, have our own skin, our eyes, read the Koran, and understand it; what then restrains you from saying you are one of us, joining the Faith, marrying amongst us, and leading amongst the tribesmen the life you say you love?" In fact, some thought he was a Moslem, but from policy pretended to be a Christian, until he, a Syrian of the Syrians, told them that for a thousand years his people had been Christians, and that, though not believing it, he yet would die a member of the faith in which he had been born. This took their fancy, for Arabs are always taken with a bold answer, and they said: "Najim, you are a man, that is the way to speak, Christian or Moslem, you are still our friend." Then cunning, as only they themselves, they sought for his opinion upon the reality of the conversion of other Syrians who had left the Company and married in the tribe. But he, at least as subtle as they themselves, answered evasively that the heart of man is as the darkness of a starless night, and God alone can see into its depths.

The Arabs laughed and said, "By the Nabi he knows as much as we ourselves," they knowing nothing of any subject under heaven but camels' foot-prints in the sand, signs of the weather, the names of some few stars, together with the daily ceremonials of their faith, which constitute their life.

So, as he sat cleaning his nickelled Smith and Wessen pistol, bought in New York, that Mecca of all young Syrians, he saw far off upon the plain dust rising, and was sure that it betokened the arrival of some chief, and as the allotted time for paying the allowances (or tribute) had not come, he knew, as trade by this time was well frightened off, that it portended the advent of some Arab come to beg. Nothing annoyed him more than these begging ventures of the chiefs. As manager he was tied down to a certain set allowance, and yet to send a man away after, perhaps, a three weeks' journey empty handed was impolitic, and besides hurt his feelings, for, like all generous-minded men, "No" stuck in his soul; and when pronounced, even with reason, rose up against him as a meanness, for, though quick witted as most Syrians are, he was not of the race of men who, pending the due carrying out of scripture, possess the carth.

Like ships almost hull down on the horizon, the caravan appeared, and first the riders, on the low scrubby plain, seemingly seated in the air, and then the camels heaving into sight, swaying and sliding through the sand, their long necks waving to and fro as every now and then they snatched a bite from the low thorny scrub. Perched on them, their faces veiled, spears in their hands, their riders sat, and in the wake eight or ten semi-naked men on foot, driving the donkeys, without which in the West Sahara no train of camels is complete. Lastly a group of horsemen, all armed with guns and sitting on their high real saddles, swathed in their indigo robes, impassable and with the far off look as if the eye saw through the middle distance and did not take it in, being fixed on the horizon, which is peculiar to all riders on frontiers, deserts, and to those whose safety rests on their power of seeing the approaching stranger first.

Arrived before the factory the travellers halted, made their camels kneel, got off, and set about their preparations for a camp in the methodical but dawdling way that travellers on camels all affect. Then they sat talking fully an hour, for every movement in the desert is as much discussed as amongst Indians in America, or county councillors deliberating what next to lay upon the ratepayer, and it by no means follows that men, having reached their journey's end, enter the city they have arrived at, or begin the business on which they have set

out, for if the council so determines, it is just as likely that they may all return without a word. But in an hour or two, prayers duly said, dates and rice eaten, green tea discussed, a single figure, veiled to the eyes, wrapped in a blue burnoose, and holding in its hand a long flint gun, hooped round the barrel with brass, and with a Spanish dollar hanging from the twisted stock, stalked to the house and asked for Najim, Najim el Shami, and was admitted through the iron plated door into the courtyard of the house. There Najim received him, and he began "Ah, Najim, my heart has longed for you; in the desert below Sagiet-el-Hamara I said, 'I will arise and take my camels and will see my friend. Is he not chief of our Christians?' So I unveiled my head and in the sight of all men openly I took my way. All men know of me, my name is Bu Dabous; when men ask of me, Najim, say you know my name. Many have sought my friendship, letters arrive asking me to be true to them, some from the Sultan, five from Dahman-el-Beiruc. I tell you, Najim, five from Dahman-el-Beiruc. What did I do? I, Bu Dabous, give not my friendship lightly, so I said, 'The Sultan, well, he is far away, his messenger may wait, and Dahman-el-Beiruc, how can I answer so many letters all at once? I will seek Najim, and will tell him of my straits.' Ah, Najim, in my tents there is nothing; sugar, no sugar, tea, not a pound, no powder, and my children are undressed for want of cloth. So I took only five camels, and but ten of my best friends, and came to seek you, Najim, knowing you are my friend, and that whilst you lived you would not let men say that Bu Dabous came to ask a favour and returned unblest." Then Najim, sore perplexed, took up his parable. "Ah, Bu Dabous, right glad am I to see you, and the Company in all their letters write to me saying that they regard you as a friend. But, still, you know I am but manager, and it is far beyond my power to give you what you want. Each article I take is to be paid for and you do not wish, I think, that I should be a loser by my friend. Yet, as a friend, I will exceed my power and on my own account take from the store a bale of cloth, two chests of tea, a cask of sugar, and some gunpowder. These shall be yours, so that you may not say I am insensible to friendship, and disregard the trouble you have taken to come so far." Then Bu Dabous rose gravely from his seat and said, "Najim, I was deceived. I fear you are no friend, but a true Christian at the heart, one of these men who know no generosity, and whose sole God is money. Money, money, that is the Christians' God. That which you offer me is not enough for even one of my ten friends. Was it for this I sent the Sultan's messenger away and left five letters from Dahman-el-Beiruc without reply? But, Najim, not to shame you," and as he spoke he touched the Syrian lightly on the chest with his long, thin, brown hand, dyed blue with rubbing on his woad-stained clothes, "I will take credit from you, and all shall be arranged. The credit shall be large, not to disgrace me, and that the Company may say Najim does business with a wealthy man. Close to Shangiet, not fifteen days from here, I have five or six thousand dollars of fine wool. Now, therefore, give me forty chests of tea and twenty bales of cloth, a cask of gunpowder, ten guns, some lead, a hundred loaves of sugar, and add, just as a favour for myself, a pair of scissors and a little knife to trim my nails."

Poor Najim heard the demand with horror, and refused point blank, and Bu Dabous, seating himself again, said, "Here will I sit, O Najim, till your heart speaks and I receive that which I want." His patience done, Najim called to his native police, and bidding them take from the store some tea and sugar and a bale of cloth, had Bu Dabous conducted to the gate. But from the middle of the men who pushed him roughly a voice arose. "See how your soldiers use your friend, give me, I pray, the scissors and the little knife." Then after a due interval had passed, slowly the "cafila" took the road towards the south, swaying and waving to and fro, passed out into the desert, raising a column of fine dust; the donkeys followed, and the horsemen bringing up the rear, turned in their saddles and fired a harmless volley at the fort.

Then, as he looked from off the roof, Najim beheld them slowly melt into the low horizon, the footfalls of their animals dulled in the sand, the riders perched high on their camels, or sitting upright on their horses, their guns carried erect like spears. Lastly they sank into the sand whence they came, and Najim, lighting a cigarette, came from the roof, and going to his office turned to his ledger with a sigh.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE second and third volumes of the "Special Reports on Educational Subjects" have at length appeared. If a few of the articles have suffered from the delay, the volume has gained on the whole, as its appearance could scarcely have been better timed in view of the prominence that educational questions, and particularly secondary education, will occupy next session. The contents are numerous, and cover practically the whole field of education. There are forty articles save one, some, of course, of modest dimensions, others like that of Mr. Sadler's, so large and comprehensive that they deserve the title of treatises rather than articles. They may be roughly grouped under the following headings: Primary teaching, including physical culture and manual training, commercial and technical instruction, secondary education with sub-sections on the training of teachers, the teaching of modern languages, school hygiene in secondary schools, and, lastly, university questions are dealt with in a paper by M. Liard, Directeur de l'Enseignement Supérieur in France. The enterprise of Mr. Sadler is but shown by the list of countries laid under contribution, which include France, Germany, Switzerland, Prussia, Sweden, and Finland. The next volume will deal with the United States, and (we believe) the Colonies. Such an encyclopædia of education has never yet been projected on such world-wide lines.

A pleasant feature of the work is the way in which the articles are illustrated with pictures, maps, and diagrams. This is especially noticeable in the papers that deal with primary education. The majority of these are devoted to that question of growing importance—physical culture. We have no universal conscription as other countries to shape and strengthen the muscle and sinew of the nation. If we hear of physical degeneration in the preparatory and secondary schools, what proportions must it not attain in our elementary ones, especially in large towns where pure air and sufficient exercise are always difficult to obtain? The present volume shows what a good work the most public-spirited of our Board schoolmasters are carrying on, but the voluntary efforts of the few ought to be supplemented by official aid and encouragement. Nor is the question one of mere physique. The training of character that underlies nearly all English athletics makes the question, from an ethical point of view, of still greater concern. Those who wish to see what a promising start has been made may be referred to the articles of Messrs. Sharples, Chesterton, Bott, and Thomas. Nor are the girls and infants neglected either, as may be seen from another paper by the late Mr. Ely-Dallas. Sir Joshua Fitch has a paper on the French leaving certificates in primary schools, that might well be adopted in England for such clever boys as wish to present themselves for examination with a view of using the certificate as a testimonial of capacity when applying for employment. All teachers interested in science should read the Heuristic method of teaching by Professor Armstrong, or the art of making children discover things for themselves. It is a perfect object lesson in observation regarded as a fine art.

Articles on the school garden in the country and the free library and its connection with the primary scholar in the town are worthy of note, as showing the efforts that are being made to interest the youthful citizen in the rival attractions of his future environment, with a view to inducing him to lead a life in

harmony with the best of his surroundings. It is interesting to learn from Herr Otto W. Beyer, in his article on manual training, that the school garden is likewise a feature in German rural education, and above all in Austrian. Mr. Myres gives a useful résumé of the Teachers' Guild Educational Museum, and Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson describes the Educational Museum he has planned and built at Hazlemere, which attempts to give in an objective form the history of the world from the 31st millionth year B.C. and a little earlier. Mr. J. Baker-Penoyre contributes a very scholarly little essay on classical school plays from the middle ages down to the present day.

To pass to more serious things, Mr. Sidney Webb, in describing the London polytechnics and their 80,000 students, declares they have not injured the University colleges on the one hand, nor the secondary schools on the other. They have, in fact, catered for a "*novelle couche sociale*." Professor Hewins' account of the London School of Economics suffers from the fact of not being brought up to date. One would like to know its precise attitude towards the new London University and the place (no small one) which it may justly aspire to hold in that vast federation. The other article on higher commercial education is by Mr. Sadler himself. He rightly begins by differentiating between the various forms of commercial education, which most people lump together, and describes the Antwerp Institute, of which he has evidently a high opinion. He passes on to the French schools, of which he appears to have a lower estimate. He then boldly discusses the present apathy in England as regards higher commercial education, and sums up in a way that leaves no doubt that he himself is in favour of a specialised course in commercial subjects. The paper is an admirable summary of all that has hitherto been written on the subject, the only point in which we are inclined to disagree with him is his comparatively poor opinion of the French schools.

Secondary education takes up the lion's share of the book. Dr. J. J. Finlay and Mr. Hendy discuss the training of secondary teachers. The latter says it would be difficult to maintain that English schoolmasters, though they have done good work, have done their duty to the nation, because they have not thought out the fundamental principles of their profession, nor pressed them upon the nation. Had they done so, the task Dr. Finlay has set himself of proving the necessity of training for secondary teacher would have been much lighter. Training for teachers is again a point on which Mr. Hammond insists in his description of the school system of Baden. His paper is one of the most suggestive in the two volumes. He raises many other burning questions, such as the precarious tenure of the assistant master in England, which he regards as a fatal weakness to our system, the one-sidedness of our curricula, the over-lapping that takes place between the schools and universities, the lack of organisation, &c.

The evils he criticises, Mr. Sadler analyses, dissects, and traces to their various origins in his masterly study of the Prussian school system with reference to English problems. It is no exaggeration to say that we know nothing in English than can compare with it. Even Matthew Arnold's famous essays have not quite the same width and depth. This is due to the fact that Mr. Sadler probably knows the English problem, or rather mass of problems (for they are legion) far better than anyone else from actual observation. We say it with all deliberation that we think his treatise will become a classic, as nowhere, as far as we are aware, has anyone ever given such a clear view and survey of English secondary education. Its very copiousness of detail and criticism baffles, however, any attempt at a short analysis. We can only add that we fancy that the Germans themselves will derive much benefit from its perusal; for in some things, such as the training of the will and character, they have much to learn from us. There is only one other paper we can at all compare with Mr. Sadler's—it is that of his assistant, Mr. Morant, on the "*Organisation of Education in Switzerland*." Mr. Morant has not shrunk from raising the most thorny points, such as

the question of rating capital as well as land, of supporting secondary education out of the rates, of giving more generous State assistance to secondary education. Incidentally he points out that higher grade schools have no legal status in this country. Having come to stay, we hope they will "*regularise*" their position as soon as possible. He explains the Swiss dislike of *ad hoc* bodies, and apparently regards the so-called English democracy as a sham and shoddy thing in comparison with the virile form that prevails in Switzerland. These, however, are only a tithe of the points he raises.

The position of modern languages in the volume is emphasised by the fact that no less than six articles are devoted to this subject. Mr. Fabian Ware contributes two articles—one on the Frankfurt System, in which linguistic study begins with modern in place of ancient languages. Miss Mary Brebner describes various applications of the *Neue Methode* by different teachers. Her article contains, however, a very unfortunate misprint (to use the figure called *Litotes*). A German teacher at Bremen, talking French and nothing but French to her children, is made to ask: "*Combien de ponts y a-t-il à Bremen?*" (sic!) Other articles of value are those of Professor Hausknecht and Miss Montgomery, who also writes on School Hygiene in Brussels. A translation of the Prussian curricula in secondary schools may open the eyes of some Englishmen to what a curriculum is, in comparison with that official stores-list of subjects yclept the Code. Professor Rein contributes an eloquent article on Tendencies in German Educational Systems, in which he insists on the education of the nation being looked on as a whole, words that those who have to deal with educational reform in England may well lay to heart.

THE CHRISTMAS CARD.

IT was in the year 1846 that an Englishman—Sir Henry Cole—thought of the Christmas card as the happiest way of remembering friends and acquaintances. Mr. J. C. Horsley, R.A., acting on Sir Henry's suggestion, made a design of three panels, bordered with a trellis of rustic work. In the middle was a merry family party of three generations, sitting at a Christmas feast and drinking to "*absent friends*," while to right and left were figures representing Charity "*feeding the hungry*" and "*clothing the naked*." The familiar words, "*A merry Christmas and a happy new year to you*," completed the design; and the Christmas card was launched and—languished. But some fourteen years after the idea was taken up with great vigour by sundry publishers, and since then the custom has grown, and, indeed, so outgrown its proper limits that everything in heaven and earth has been pressed into service. Fairies, pixies, angels, devils; old pictures, new inanities, mediæval missals, modern etchings; dainty maidens, clothed or unclothed; children possible or impossible; birds, fishes, games and pastimes; flowers of June and December; landscapes of snow and sun; chromo-lithograph; black and white; photogravure; platinotype; chenille, grasses, sea-weed, crewel work, &c., have played their part. The very angels who sang the words, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, in terra pax*" around the sleeping child Christ must weep to see the Christmas legend brought so low that vulgar cork soles, cigar ends, slices of bacon, razors, the baser sort of ballet girls, and even hair pins have been associated with Christmas, and have found favour.

As the card was welcomed by high and low, rich and poor alike, the desire grew for something really artistic, which might be kept to fill up nooks and corners of small rooms with mementos attractive not only by association but in themselves. Artists of repute designed, and firms such as Marcus Ward and Co., De la Rue, Raphael Tuck, Hildesheimer, and others spared no money in getting good designs and re-producing them. It is said that one firm alone paid in a single year £7,000 to artists for original drawings. Two firms offered prizes and organised competitions and

exhibitions, as much as £5,000 being offered in prizes by one of them. Raphael Tuck first called in the aid of Royal Academicians. Who, was the simple thought, should know so much of art, pictorial or decorative, as an R.A.? These designs fell flat; the British public, with unusual good taste, preferred the work of students to even J. C. Herbert's "Angels with Harps;" Marcus Stone's "Children in Snow" to Leslie; Sant's "Angels' Heads," or even Sir E. J. Poynter's figures. Small wonder, too, since, as we look through the series, their dullness becomes oppressive.

Unfortunately the sale of cards worked out in a ratio so nearly inverse to their artistic merit that many publishers were forced in course of time to surrender to meretricious demand. With sorrow all lovers of art saw De la Rue retire disgusted from the contest.

Happily Marcus Ward was left to preserve the artistic treatment of the Christmas card; for surely decorative treatment rather than pictorial is what is wanted. A panel bordered with flowerets in missal style, or a design of holly or mistletoe framing some idea of the legend, whether in colour or black and white—not in imitation of nature, but flat and with decorative shading—seems the right conception. But fashion, always yearning for novelty, grew tired of these self-contained panels and new borders. A flood of pictorial work, straining at the imitation of Nature, poured in. Flowers were thrown across the card or half round it, or any way. Lawful taste made way for lawless caprice.

About the year 1888 the Christmas card fell into the hands of designers for colour printers; and instead of what at least purported to be an art production, we got *fin de siècle*, bric-à-brac kind of cards; and curious garish things, be-jewelled and be-gemmed. Are they flowers? That may have been the conception: the result is monstrosity. The legend of Christmas was for the most part lost. Everything that could not refer to Christmas was pressed into service: geometrical figures, booklets, easily adaptable to the demands of any or no season, though pretty enough, it may be admitted, in themselves, down to mere presents, such as bottles of scent, labelled for Christmas use. In days gone by Christmas cards were chosen slowly and lovingly, as one would choose music or books, for special friends with appropriate words of greeting and comradeship. It was one of the pleasures of the year to be looked forward to. Now there is no room at the counters for him who troubles to make a choice; so old-fashioned a party is hustled and hustled; boxes of "all sorts" are thrust at him, inscribed "One shilling the box, eight of them, envelopes included," the latter being unquestionably the greatest of these wares' recommendations. If an unhappy purchaser insists on turning over the cards and thinking of his friends, he is requested (not politely) to move on and clear the gangway. One turns away, feeling that the card has become just a thing to be sent—it matters not much to whom—useful mainly as an apology for a letter; it saves so much trouble. The rush for cheap gaudy cards, for novelties for the sake of novelty, became so great that it attracted the omnivorous draper, who took up the idea as he had taken up boots and shoes, coals, hardware, soap, and china. It is said that one haberdasher, who "made a feature of cards," gave a single order of the value of £10,000.

Naturally the good reproductions of Raphael's pictures; "Fra Angelico's" angels, and such like, were pushed out of the market by these drapers' banalities. The Christmas pilgrim wanders mournfully past the shop windows and the overflowing baskets of coloured paste-board, till he longs for the final knell of the Christmas card which may mean the end of bad and good alike. But there is yet a remnant. Amidst a crowd of designs, showing a truly wonderful catholicity of taste, we found at Raphael Tuck's the daintiest of old-world greetings in "Ye goode olde style" on parchment, vellum, or paper, surrounded by old arabesque designs, impressed with the familiar boar's head on red seals. There were also black and white designs—some conventional, some natural—

excellently rendered to the accompaniment of newly-culled mottoes. The calendars were also quite exquisite from every point of view; but as an ingenuous seller pointed out, "It is so few who see our best, there is so little call for them; but now, 'The Scorchers' Almanack,' why that's just the big success of the year."

There was very good work to be found at Messrs. Hills and Co., and some beautifully illuminated cards at Messrs. Hildesheimer's; but one or two of Messrs. Marcus Ward's approached the most nearly to our ideal. "The Prince of Peace," and another smaller specimen of an angel composition with the Christ child, gracefully bordered, are quite worthy of the best periods of the Christmas card; so there is perhaps yet some future for this ill-used institution.

LITHOGRAPHY AND LITHOGRAPHERS.

"Lithography and Lithographers." By Mr. and Mrs. Pennell. Fisher Unwin. 1898.

THIS book appears opportunely while the vast exhibition of lithographs at South Kensington is open. That collection displays the process in all its periods of teething, slobbering, mumps, and mania, as well as the art in its triumphs, and the curious, who love to study all the growing pains and dull maladies, as well as the high athletic form of a method of expression, have its life history illustrated with the cynical completeness of the museum mind. All that was wanting for such students, in addition to Mr. Strange's very full catalogue, was an historical sketch of the invention of the process, its early fortunes in different countries, an explanation of the nature of lithographic printing, of the different methods of drawing on the stone, with the pen, crayon, brush, stump, or the use of transfers—in a word, all the technical essays illustrated by those specimens. Then might have followed a brief review of the work of the masters of the art in the early middle of the century, and of the recent revival of the art in the hands of one or two artists.

With Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's book in his hands, or, rather, on his table—for it is a weighty volume—the student can now prepare himself to wander in the maze at Kensington to better purpose. No book covering the same ground exists in English, and much of the information about the early history of lithography in England is collected and published for the first time. Senefelder's own book was translated, and we have had several manuals addressed to the journeyman lithographer, but no general review of the subject for the amateur. Such a review, indeed, was hardly possible before the great exhibition brought together in Paris some years ago. Mr. Pennell has had the advantage of French researches leading up to and subsequent to that collection, and he supplements them from the English and German side.

For all the matter of the first section of the book, which concerns historians rather than artists, I will refer my readers to the book itself; but one technical point demands notice here. Mr. Walter Sickert, writing in this review, took up the position that it was a misdescription of transfer-lithographs to call them lithographs, and attacked Mr. Pennell for so describing them. I have already briefly expressed the view which must be shared by anyone who goes into the evidence, that the attack was not justified. From the days of Senefelder himself it has been the usage to treat the transfer method as an alternative to the direct method, and to describe transfer-lithographs as "lithographs" without qualifications. Mr. Pennell had a perfect right to do what has been done freely all along. Mr. Sickert, by making a personal charge on the wrong ground, prevented the profitable discussion of the point whether it is desirable to alter the usage in this matter. With the personal charge cleared away how does the case stand?

Mr. Sickert took the tone that a lithograph transferred from paper was not only a different thing from a lithograph drawn on stone, but something of a sham, because the grain of the stone is imitated on the paper, and is mechanical instead of natural. To this somewhat fanciful purism Mr. Pennell replies cogently that the grain of the stone is artificially produced by scouring it with sand, and

that the same grain can be obtained in transfer paper by methods no more artificial.

The question narrows down then. The transfer lithograph is a lithograph, since the word has come to mean not drawn on stone, but printed from stone. There is nothing moreover against the method artistically: if it were wrong to transfer from paper to stone, it would be wrong to transfer from stone to paper. But we may ask whether an artist who wishes to employ all the resources of the stone will be able to do so by means of the paper. The ultimate answer in view of the improvements in transfer paper remains doubtful; but there can be no doubt that the transfer-lithograph, because of the slighter, less resisting nature of the material, has tended to a different type of drawing, slighter and greyer, one in which the surface *effleuré* by the crayon. Too great a pressure tends to break down the grain of the paper, whereas the stone may be more roughly treated. The result is a kind of lithograph—perfectly good of its kind—but another kind. Its ideal would be the multiplication of drawings without the intervention of stone at all, and its differentiation from ordinary crayon drawing lies in the fact that the chalk is soapier and sleepier. Another method, that of wash-lithographs, has hitherto been possible only on the stone; but Mr. Pennell speaks of one experiment in which a transfer was successfully made. It must be remembered that a drawing transferred may always be completed on the stone, and that transfer may be usefully employed in the preparatory stages of an elaborate drawing. In the upshot of the question of nomenclature, Mr. Pennell, I take it, is all for exactness, when it is possible to state the facts. Thus he describes the lithographs by Messrs. Whistler, Legros, Strong, and Shannon, given in his book as “drawn on paper,” and it may perhaps become general, as the result of this discussion, to use these words, or “drawn on the stone” as a qualification. The point for the public to bear in mind is that one method is as perfectly autographic as the other, and that it is entirely a matter of intention or convenience for the artist which he will employ.

Inevitably the parts of the book that deal with the great names in lithography are affected by its historical character. The historical parts, however, might have been packed closer with advantage, so as to give place to the really vital matter. It is page 74 before Goya appears on the scene, and with him the great tradition in lithography. It is from his few essays that the styles of Delacroix, Gavanni, Daumier derive, and in a book entirely artistic a great many minor or second-rate people would be sacrificed to the adequate illustration of these men. Only one of the bull-fights is given, and that on too small a scale. One grudges again to see pages given up to careless shots by Fuseli and Stothard when one might have had another Devéria in addition to the two excellent examples given. For my own part I should see without a murmur those eminent propagandists Charlet and Rafet disappear, the blameless Calame, the tedious Nash, Haghe, and a host of others. I do not share Mr. Pennell's tenderness for the heavy modern German cranks, like Thoma; but I admit that the historian is bound to be more sparing with big reputations. For many of the reproductive lithographs given I can see no justification, though I except rare examples like the fine Pilotz after Snyders. The inclusion of the drawing of a nigger minstrel and some of the rubbish towards the end of the book is a shocking lapse into patriotism. On the other hand, there are some admirable inclusions outside of the greatest people, such as Lami's “La Correspondance,” Devory's “Bandelaire,” Mavis's “Winter Scene.” Besides the process blocks after lithographs with which I have been dealing, there are six original lithographs included. Of these the Whistler, Legros, and Strange are excellent examples of their author. The Shannon is slight, the Lunois is a Lunois; the Mac Ian Hamilton makes a great fuss about some very ineffective colour. What Mr. Way is doing in this list I do not understand. He is an excellent printer, but his version of a picture by Mr. Whistler is neither good translation nor good lithography.

I have spoken of the illustrations first because they reflect exactly enough the perspective of the text. In a work of so large a scope it is difficult to keep the

proportions right, but the originators and masters should be more clearly marked off from capable and brilliant performers like Isabey and Bonington. In the modern, as in the older section, the authors are a little dazzled by the number of artists they attempt to give a place to, and a personal bias naturally reveals itself more plainly in the writing of recent history. Thus we should hardly gather from the text that Messrs. Charles Shannon and Rotherstein, the most remarkable of the younger Englishmen, were quite independent of a meeting at the Art Workers' Guild described as epoch-making, and the unstinted eulogy given to Mr. Whistler contrasts with the somewhat grudging notice given to the work of these men, where a more generous tone would have been in place. “His (Mr. Shannon's) lithographs are notable, it seems to us, not so much for the subject, which at times is scarcely his own, or the drawing, which usually is weak, but for his technical mastery of the medium.” Sayings like this recoil later on, and a student of Mr. Whistler's treatment by the critics should remember it.

Critical lapses like this, faults of manner, and a too indulgent inclusion of all manner of lithographs spoil one's pleasure in looking through the book; but, like the previous volume on Pen Drawing, this brings together for the first time a quantity of material for discussion, and also a great deal of historical and technical information, for which the student will be grateful.

D. J. M.

A PLAY AND A BOOK.

LAST week Mr. Arthur Roberts appeared and disported himself in a piece called “Milord Sir Smith” at the Comedy Theatre. It did not seem to me a good piece; but that, of course, is quite immaterial. To write a good piece for Mr. Arthur Roberts would be mere waste of time: a dramatist can but abase himself and provide this comedian with what is called an opportunity. And, after all, one kind of opportunity is as good as another: everything depends on the use Mr. Roberts may make of it, and one would no more praise an author for the success or blame him for the failure of a play in which Mr. Roberts appears than one would praise or blame Cinquevalli's assistant according as his master succeeds or fails in balancing on his frontal bone a billiard-cue with a cannon-ball at the top. Usually, Mr. Roberts triumphs. But he did not triumph on the first night of this new play. “*On ne peut pas être toujours drôle*,” and I am bound to confess that Mr. Roberts' power to excite laughter was, on this occasion, less than his audience's anxiety to laugh. The audience laughed often and loudly of course, but its mirth was a tribute to Mr. Roberts' past and future achievements in humour, to his record and personality, rather than to anything he said or did in the course of the evening. And it was right that the audience should laugh. Hero-worship would be a poor, graceless thing indeed if the hero were worshipped only at the exact moment when he is performing some great deed. A pretty pass if the streetsters of this city had refused to cheer Lord Kitchener because he was merely driving down to the Mansion House in a frock-coat, and not, at that moment, taking Khartoum! And, if it is only right and natural to cheer a man who did something many miles away in the presence of a few war correspondents, how much more so is it to applaud Mr. Arthur Roberts whom, on the evidence of our own eyes and ears, we all know to have performed prodigies of humour in this very city. I make no doubt that by this time Mr. Roberts has become very funny as “Sir Smith,” and I wish I had not seen him on the first night. He halted and fumbled, and was altogether feeble: such flashes as he had were but flashes in a very dull pan. The worst of it was that his unwonted slowness betrayed the cheap vulgarity of his attitude towards life. He is usually so brisk, so irresistibly spontaneous, that one is dazzled into delight, and has no time to analyse the quality of his quips. That he is vulgar one knows; but he is so brilliant a creature that his vulgarity does not offend one—it is the

summer-lightning of vulgarity. But, the other night, when he was slow and dull, I had the time and the power to be critical. Jokes about drinks, jokes about "girls," jokes about "Johnnies"—these things I suddenly realised were his permanent apparatus in humour. I realised that all his materials were gathered in that comparatively small and none too lovely area of the world's surface which is bounded on the one hand by the Criterion Restaurant and by Romano's on the other. And I could but wonder at the genius which had hitherto used these miserable materials so brilliantly as to lull distaste. For me, "Milord Sir Smith" was redeemed only by the very admirable singing and dancing—and acting—of Miss Ada Reeve. If she sang and danced less well, I should grudge her to musical comedy, for, with a good part, she would make the fortune of a legitimate farce.

There has just been laid across my path a very large book. It is entitled "Actors of the Century"—ungallantly entitled, I think, since quite half of it is devoted to actresses. Its author, Mr. Frederic Whyte, should have adopted my trick of using the word "mimes"—useful monosyllable, covering both sexes. Except singing and needlework, acting is the only art in which women do ever rival men, and it seems rather hard that they should be ignored on the cover of this very large book. Perhaps the discourtesy can be rectified in the second edition. Meanwhile, I must congratulate Mr. George Bell—for that is the name of the publisher—on having issued a book which will surely have a very great sale. As a Christmas present for the stage-struck, it is quite invaluable. Indeed, I fancy that it might be used as a sovereign cure for stage-stroke, so sharply does it impress on its reader the ephemeral nature of the actor's (and actress's) triumph. "Into the night go one and all," sang Mr. Henley, and Mr. Frederic Whyte has turned a search-light into that darkness, has lit up for us the remote figures of the Keans, the Kembles, and many other mimes. Is not the result a little ghastly? Our forefathers worshipped these mimes so fervently that it is painful for us to realise—and Mr. Whyte makes us realise so clearly—that we ourselves do not care a hoop-stick about them. Who cares about Mrs. Siddons? She exists for us only as the model of Reynolds' picture at Dulwich, and it was unkind of Mr. Whyte to recall that the painter, in signing his name upon the hem of her garment, declared to her that thus would his name go down to posterity. A more savage piece of irony was never uttered. Mr. Whyte calls it "a matchless compliment." I wonder whether the "Tragic Muse" herself took it as a compliment. I daresay she did. However, enough of Mrs. Siddons and of the past! So soon as Mr. Whyte comes to the drama of the 'sixties he produces a far less dispiriting effect, inasmuch as many who were mimes then are mimes now. When he comes to the drama of to-day there is real cheeriness in his pages. He seems to be an ardent playgoer, and for me it is comforting to find anybody who goes to the theatre frequently without being compelled to do so—it seems to soften the compulsion in my own case. And he is a voracious reader of dramatic criticism, much of which he thinks worth quoting in his book. How comforting for me to think that hereafter somebody may gravely copy out and enshrine in a very large book what I have just scribbled about Miss Ada Reeve! In fact, Mr. Whyte is a splendid fellow. He is very modest, too. He declares that the text of his book is "subsidiary to the illustrations." I cannot allow that. Mr. Whyte, when he is not quoting the dramatic critics, writes with much grace and discrimination. I admit that M. Beau's *cartes de visite* have a quaint charm, and that all the other portraits are well reproduced, but I refuse to regard Mr. Whyte's work as subsidiary to them. M. Beau, by the way, has contributed some reminiscences of forgotten mimes—a mistake which I forgive on account of one delicious passage. "One day," says M. Beau, "Robson, coming to the studio, mentioned to me that he had the burglars in his house on the previous night, and in relating the circumstance he made me feel by his earnestness what a deep impression of nervousness he

experienced on the occasion. In fact, he appeared as if he was afraid they might still be in one of the adjoining rooms!" That last sentence is quite perfect. One could not have a better description of a mime's manner in private life. Of course, there are many mimes who are not particularly dramatic off the stage. But they are, I think, exceptions; most mimes are quite as dramatic off as on. Inasmuch as, when they are on, they are always figuring in dramatic situations, which in private life are very rare things; private life is to them an anti-climax. They bring with them a power of expressing various emotions, and private life affords very few occasions for exercise of that power. And so they have to be always creating situations, magnifying and empurpling the drabdest trifles, in order to keep up their spirits by manifestations of joy, wrath, pity, scorn, despair, remorse, and so forth. And this is very bad for them. It saps in them all sense of proportion. They are so used to being wildly emotional about nothing, that they do not recognise a real crisis—a real cause for emotion—when they meet it. Didereau said that, as men, they do not on the stage feel the emotions which, as actors, they express. Why did he not go further and say that, as men, off the stage, and in a real crisis of their lives, they cannot feel the emotions which, as actors, on or off the stage, they simulate. That would have been far more suggestive as a theory.

MAX.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH OPERA.

AFTER the last few days in Paris it would be quite easy for me to spin an article of some three or four columns on the merits of the Dreyfus case and on the wisdom of the people, which has ceased to discuss it; but on the merits of such music as I have hearkened unto it is nearly impossible for me to say anything. Yet night after night has seen me in my place at the Opéra, the Opéra Comique, at this, that, and the other theatre or music hall. But there is nothing. French music—genuine music, lovely pattern-weaving or the utterance of real emotion—simply does not exist. This, of course, was perfectly well known to me when I started away for a holiday on the shamelessly transparent pretence of hearing what was going on in Paris. But though I mocked, things prove, on a close examination, even worse than I dreamed. I knew there was no music in Paris; I knew that not Paris but the Riviera was my goal; but not until actually pressed by the dire necessity of gathering material for my article did I realise that Paris is not only a hundred and fifty years behind London in music, but is going back very much faster than London moves forward. The French nation has deliberately taken the Rue Meyerbeer, which leads to the abyss. I tried, but in my limited time was unable to complete a list of the operas played at the Grand Opéra during the last ten years. It would be an amazing document. What Englishman in Paris ever passes the Opéra without looking to see *which* of Meyerbeer's works is to be played that evening—that it will be one or another goes without saying; on the rare occasions when it is neither one nor another, but something worth listening to, one gets quite a shock of pleased surprise. For Saturday night last, after "Le Prophète" on Friday, "Lohengrin" was promised; and I fairly wriggled with delight. But, alas! as sometimes happens in England, "Lohengrin" was changed for "Faust," which is a twopenny-halfpenny opera—by comparison with "Lohengrin" I mean. Compared with any other French opera it is very good stuff indeed, and I would not say a word against it. It is not "Lohengrin"—that is all. I hanker after that complete list, and as soon as it reaches me it shall be printed—in a summarised form—in the "Saturday Review," with a moral.

In the meantime, were my readers to compel me to express my opinion of the novelties to be heard in Paris, including a much-talked-of comic opera, it would best be done by setting down all the titles, and leaving under that half a column of pure white paper. Nothing whatever can be said about them; they move one in no new way, they leave no definite impression. My friends tell

me of the wonderful things to be found in French literature, French painting, French sculpture. As for French literature, my French is so very lame a horse that I am satisfied if it carries me to my hotel, and enables me to get a sufficient number of big meals per day; and I read Dumas and as much of Victor Hugo as I can stand in translations. As for French painting, some of it interests me, though I see even in that the peculiar French tendency—to which I shall allude again presently—which has the effect of speedily making its richest soil unproductive, and for all practical purposes barren. As for French sculpture, there is no hope of concealing the truth—I am an out-and-out Philistine. In May or June I was carried off to see the notorious Rodin statue of Balzac. It seemed to me pretentious, ugly, theatrical, empty—precisely like a Meyerbeer opera. Now, one cannot argue that because a nation has no great painters or sculptors, and only some doubtful poets and prose-writers, it has therefore no good musicians. In England we have no musicians (creative musicians): each of our Academics admits there is only one, whom modesty prevents him mentioning by name; and yet we have good painters, poets, and novelists. But in France one cannot help seeing that two things make for the ruin of its art of every sort. The first is the intense French love of theatrical, melodramatic effect; the second is the irresistible French tendency to reduce everything to rules and formulæ, so that when once a good original thing has made itself acknowledged, rules and formulæ are deduced from it, and new works, based on these rules and formulæ, are produced without end; and of these two the latter seems to me the most inevitably fatal, and probably in a large degree the cause of the first. It is only in France that you will find the men of real power and invention struggling—struggling as hard as ever they do to be first or amongst the first in their art—to get into an Academy; only in France will you find the men of real invention and power content in their art to follow the rules laid down by an Academy. In England the Academy is a synonym for business talent without any other talent. We have still in England, I understand, an Academy of painting, and the best painters remain scornfully and contemptuously outside, and laugh while the machine is run by excellent gentlemen who cannot paint and will never learn to paint. The late Sir Edward Burne-Jones sat on the doormat for a generation, then quietly arose, shook the dust of the mat off his garments, and departed. He is the last man of any ability who tried to get in; and probably he will have no successor. Think of that, and then of France with its Academy, and Zola—Zola of all people!—fighting viciously for each chair as its occupant departs to the land of shadows—where, let us hope, there is no Academy—and leaves it vacant. To the English eye the spectacle is a quaint one, as to the French eye many things English are quaint. This surprising tendency to follow in the footsteps of their fathers and grandfathers, which enables the people to form in orderly queues, and enabled it to stand unheard of oppression till the boiler burst with an unparalleled explosion in the French Revolution, now results not in a very great deal of barren art, but—in music at least—in a great deal of the nonsense and appalling ugliness that we call theatrical effect. Even the French cannot put up with the same thing for ever and aye: and since they cannot depart from the essential principles of their music, they strive to tickle ears with little shows in the bye-ways, so to speak; or, better, they frame their pictures in fireworks that go off with quite disconcerting cracks, bangs and fizzles at the moment when the poverty of the pictures is reducing us to despair or sending us to sleep. These cracks, fizzles and bangs form the only popular parts of Meyerbeer, and it is noteworthy that they are inevitably introduced into every bit of music written by the younger Frenchmen, who think they are imitating Wagner. As a matter of fact, the parts in which they really imitate Wagner only make the wisacres, the guardians of the classical forms, shake their sleepy learned heads; and the general public pays no attention whatever to them. The fizzles, bangs and cracks please mightily; and the unavoidable result is that they are more and

more freely used, and French music is going back with positively striking velocity to the music of the beasts. It is designed for little else than to shake and shatter the nerves.

Now this argument omits much that is needed fully to account for the present state of affairs; and it includes a good deal that is far from being rigidly true. It needs modifications; but as a summary it may serve. I wish to go a little further. Invention being *denied* to the French by their own self-denying ordinance, they concentrate their energies on polishing and bringing to perfection other nations' inventions. It comes natural to them; they are a mannered people. In art both men and women think mainly of dressing it, so to say, to win the approval of the élite; they are magnificent interpreters. When they take Wagner in hand, none can interpret him with a finer finish than they; I have seen Gluck's "Orpheus" done at the Opéra Comique in a way that leaves Bayreuth's blundering attempts at stage-work a hundred-thousand years behind; nay, they nearly persuaded me at the Opéra that the "Prophète" was not so bad after all. In the "Prophète" they are in their element—that is the fatal thing. They want to do everything à la "Prophète," to turn everything, even the masterpieces of German musical art, into masterpieces of French bad art. I noticed this tendency some years ago in Lamoureux, without understanding it so well as I understand it now. They can no more resist the temptation to make "Lohengrin" theatrical—as if it was not sufficiently theatrical already—than they can be made to take time and feel its true beauty. In twenty years it will be hardly possible to distinguish the "Valkyrie" from a Meyerbeer opera; probably by that time the Meyerbeer opera will sound the better of the twain. I shall yet live to hear the "Valkyrie" in Paris with parts written in for gong, bells, bones, and castanets, and with high C's and cadenzas for the prima donna and the tenor. What French singer could resist an elaborate bravura for Siegmund, to be sung with much waving of the sword before he runs to fight Hunding? When the copyright runs out we shall see what we shall see.

This has some importance for us. Of late Covent Garden has become more and more of a French opera house. We used to have Italian opera there, and the present people, it is true, have retained the worst features of Italian opera. But circumstances and their own noble tastes are compelling them to make it French. They draw their singers from Paris instead of from Italy; they go to Paris, as to a great centre of culture, to learn what is going on; and the more closely their opera approximates to the French opera the better they appear to be satisfied. It is understood that all business at Covent Garden, even when the parties are English, is transacted with the help of the French language only. Most of the principal singers at Covent Garden are French by training, if not by birth. They study in France, and finish under Mr. Grau in New York, which is Paris vulgarised, Paris plus pork and beans. The French influence is the worst possible, the influence most to be feared. Better any amount of German clumsiness, obtuseness, vulgarity and lager than that. If what I have heard during the past week as to the intentions of Messieurs the controllers of opera in England is true, the sooner we support Mr. Schulz-Curtius in his German opera scheme the better. It will, at least, count for something as against the French influence. But it is to be hoped that Mr. Grau, Mr. Higgins, Lord De Grey and the rest will seriously consider whether it is worth their while to wreck English opera to gain the applause of Paris. The applause of London is surely what they want.

J. F. R.

MONEY MATTERS.

FIRMNESS, in spite of the approach of the holiday season, has characterised the Stock Markets during the week, a fact which is of good omen for the New Year. There is, indeed, every sign that after the holidays there is likely to be a smart revival of

business on the Stock Exchange, and many alert jobbers have no doubt been laying in stocks of their favourite descriptions during the quiet time in preparation for the demand which is expected to arise as soon as the turn of the year has eased the monetary position, and the release of dividends sends buyers into the market with money to invest. Politics have for the time being ceased to affect quotations, the firm attitude of England during the past two months having inspired a confidence which has been conspicuously lacking during the greater part of the present year. In another way, the significant showing of England's teeth during the Fashoda crisis has tended to greater confidence. There are not wanting signs that Germany and especially Russia are at present more anxious to conciliate England than has been the case for a considerable time past, and it seems probable that even in the Far East the delimitation of spheres of influence will be satisfactorily accomplished. The various enterprises for the exploitation of Chinese resources can scarcely fail to benefit in the New Year from this relaxation of tension, and it seems quite possible that two or three years hence the great mineral and agricultural wealth of China will create a new and gigantic market for the world's commerce. In Africa, also, there is every reason to believe that the next few years will see a rapid advance towards the opening up of the whole of the Dark Continent to civilisation such as seemed wildly impossible only a year ago. Omdurman meant much more than the reconquest of the Soudan for Egypt. It meant also the consolidation of our whole African empire, and telegraphs, railways, and commerce will now all advance with greater strides. Whatever may be the colonial jealousies of other European Powers in our regard, it is certain that this advance will facilitate the development of their own African possessions, and consequently will bring about an enormous expansion in the trade of the whole world. We have already from time to time referred to the great importance of the change in the destinies of the United States, and, apart from the new factor of American colonial expansion, trade within the territory of the Union is itself increasing by leaps and bounds. It would seem, therefore, that the closing year of the nineteenth century will see the sowing of the seed of a harvest which the twentieth century will reap in the shape of an enormous extension of industry and commerce, in which both the Old and the New Worlds will share.

The Money Market has been irregular, but until Thursday supplies were abundant, and no definite tendency was observable. On that day, however, the Christmas demand set in, and discount rates became perceptibly firmer. During the week there has been a persistent, though scarcely insistent, demand for gold for Germany; but the Bank return showed that such supplies as have been necessary have been purchased in the open market and not withdrawn from the Bank. The position of the Bank of Berlin is undoubtedly much stronger, and although the stringency in Germany is still evident, the more acute phase of the crisis there is probably past. The Bank of England, so far from having its stock of bullion depleted, has on balance received £73,000. The reserve, owing to the outflow of money usual at Christmas, has fallen £877,937 on the week, and the proportion of reserve to liabilities is 2½ per cent. lower, at 48 per cent. The reserve is, however, only about £60,000 less than on the corresponding date of last year, whilst the proportion of reserve to liabilities is 5 per cent. higher. In 1897, in the week ending 22 December, the proportion fell 3 per cent. to 43 per cent. Until the beginning of the new year the Money Market is likely to remain firm, and the new issue of Treasury Bills to the amount of £1,325,000, which are to be tendered for on Thursday next, and paid for on 4 January, will to some extent counteract the effect of the release of dividends from British and Indian Government securities. After the turn of the year money, however, should be abundant until February, when the usual outflow of cash from New York to the interior may cause a drain of gold from London to the United States. The recent strong demand from America for

its own railway and other securities will probably, however, continue, and the pressure upon London may not be so great as is anticipated. The London County Council, we may note in passing, publicly announced its intention at its weekly meeting on Tuesday last of selling £350,000 of Treasury Bills. A public statement of this kind practically amounts to an invitation to the Money Market to put down the price of Treasury Bills. The County Council would surely do better to let its broker do the business quietly and choose the most suitable moment. He would scarcely have chosen to sell at a time when a new issue of Treasury Bills to the amount of £1,325,000 was imminent.

The prices of Home Railway stocks have begun to reflect the more hopeful anticipations which are being indulged in with regard to the dividend prospects for the current half year, and with the exception of Great Northern "A" and Deferred, which have fallen respectively 2 and 1 on the week, the list shows a series of improvements, the most notable of which is a rise of 2½ in Midland Deferred, to the excellent prospects of which stock we recently called attention. Two companies, of course, the Great Western, on account of the diminution in receipts due to the South Wales coal strike, and the Great Central, owing to its small revenue and its largely increased capital charges, are likely to distribute smaller dividends. The Great Western had in the second half of last year by far the largest increase in traffic receipts of any Home railway, amounting in all to £243,230. During the current half-year to date the estimated decrease in gross earnings amounts to £105,310, and this, after making allowance for the usual under-estimation of receipts in the published traffic returns, makes it probable that the gross earnings for the present half-year will exceed those of the corresponding half-year of 1896 by at least £150,000. In spite of its misfortunes the Great Western must, therefore, be considered to have done fairly well, and the prospects of improving trade in the new year should make this stock a good investment at its present price. At the end of last year Great Western stock stood at 177, or more than £11 above the present quotation. Probably the actual falling off in receipts for the half-year will not exceed £70,000, and it is unlikely that the Company, during this bad time, has continued to increase its expenditure in the same ratio as in the first half of the year. There is little or no increase in capital charges for the year, the new stock recently issued not ranking for dividend until next year, and consequently we do not expect a reduction of more than 1 per cent. in the dividend. This will make the dividend for the year 5 per cent., and the yield at the present price 3 per cent. If, however, as seems in the highest degree probable, next year the Great Western can return to a 6 per cent. distribution, a purchase at the present price will yield more than 3½ per cent. to the investor at the beginning of 1900, with the prospect throughout next year of a considerable increase in value.

People are beginning to gasp a little at the continued upward progress of American Rails, and to wonder when it is going to stop. Baltimore and Ohio have jumped up 7½ since last week, Central Pacific 5½, Union Pacific 5½, New York Central 3½, and Denver 3½; Northern Pacific on the other hand has declined ½, Wabash and Atchison Preferred ½, Louisville 1½, and Southern Preference 1½. The market is therefore a little irregular, but the rise is probably not yet at an end. Sufficient attention has scarcely yet been given to the fact that the enormous rise in the prices of most American securities is due, not so much to speculative dealings as to genuine investment buying from the other side of the Atlantic. This transfer of securities, hitherto largely held in England, to investors in the United States, is one reason why the expected drain of gold from London to New York was checked a month or two ago, and is in itself the most significant sign of the increasing prosperity of the States. It is an ironical comment on the acumen of English investors that whilst these securities were little better than mere gambling counters, America was quite content to let

them remain on this side of the Atlantic; but now when many of them seem likely to fructify into dividend-bearing securities they are being transferred in large lots to New York. Jobbers in this market on the London Stock Exchange are by no means happy, although they seem to be doing so much business. The fact is that, as the buying is genuine investment buying, they are continually being caught short of stock, and are almost beginning to be afraid of making a price. Of course since Wall Street dealers are on the spot they know best what is going on and what are the prospects of their wares, and thus are usually able to get the better of their London brethren. It looks rather like a just punishment upon the latter for having so long loved to dabble in the shares of railways which are notoriously controlled by financial bosses who work with them as they will and as the Stock Exchange conditions of the moment require. Wall Street, however, must itself be a little surprised that a time has come when American railway stocks are being largely bought, not as a speculation but as an investment, by the inhabitants of the United States.

Central Pacifics are likely to rise still higher in consequence of the probable successful re-organisation of the company, and its escape from the clutches of Mr. Huntington, two cognate events which are believed to be near at hand. There is no doubt that the company has been doing very well, and if it is reorganised on sound lines shareholders are likely to receive respectable dividends again. To the end of June last a surplus was earned equivalent to a dividend of 2½ per cent. But the last half-year was exceptionally good, owing to the war, and since June the net earnings have declined. Nevertheless, when the inequitable lease of the line to the Southern Pacific is cancelled, the company should be able to give a good account of itself again. Central Pacifics have already experienced a considerable improvement. At the beginning of the year they stood as low as 11; now they are quoted at 40½. In 1881 and 1882, when 6 per cent. dividends were being paid, the highest quotation reached was 105½; but they gradually went lower and lower after the line came under Mr. Huntington's control, until they reached their lowest level of 11 in January of the present year, having only touched that point once before, in June, 1894.

The Baltimore and Ohio group have been very strong, the reorganisation scheme being practically completed, and the Baltimore and Ohio South-Western scheme now having to be carried through. The Baltimore and South-Western is to become a part of the general system of the Baltimore and Ohio, and the bondholders are asked to agree to a scheme whereby in return for their holdings they are to receive Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Gold Bonds of the Baltimore and Ohio Company, Four per Cent. Baltimore and Ohio Preferred Stock and Baltimore and Ohio Common Stock. The holders of Baltimore and Ohio South-Western Bonds and Shares will no doubt lose something in interest under the scheme which they are asked to accept, but, on the other hand, they will gain greatly in security, the Baltimore and Ohio since the reorganisation being in a very much stronger condition. If the scheme is not agreed to the future of the South-Western line will be very uncertain. The bondholders will therefore do well to agree to the plan. Those in England who desire to participate in it must deposit their bonds on or before 20 January next with the London and Westminster Bank. A syndicate will purchase for cash, at their face value, coupons and claims for interest on registered bonds maturing on 1 January from those holders who deposit their bonds under the reorganisation plan.

The Mining Markets have been somewhat irregular, but changes have been of but slight importance, and everyone is very sanguine that the New Year will see a marked revival in business. Amongst Kaffirs the deep levels still continue to attract most attention, and the December crushings are likely to enhance still further the credit of the new producers. Those who are attracted towards mining investments will do well to

follow closely the development of the second and third row deep levels. Undertakings like the Village Deep, the South Rand, the Jupiter and the South Nourse Deep are, it must be remembered, far less uncertain in their prospects than were the present deep levels two or three years ago. The great success of mines like the Robinson Deep, the Rose Deep, and the Geldenhuis Deep has removed all scepticism with regard to the exploitation of the deep level areas, and it is now the deep deep mines which offer the most favourable prospect of increased values in the Kaffir market for the next two or three years. Of the deep levels already at work the Crown Deep, the Nourse Deep, and the Robinson Deep are the three most likely to show considerable increases in value in the New Year, the first two because the results so far obtained are not representative of the results to be expected when the mines have overcome certain difficulties which have hampered them from the start, and the Robinson Deep because the market value of its shares is as yet far from reflecting the results actually obtained. Amongst the outcrop mines of the Rand the Van Ryn and the United Roodepoort are the two which early in the new year will probably show the greatest improvement in the output. Both mines are being thoroughly developed under new management, and will do very much better in 1899 than in 1898. The dividend of 15 per cent. declared by the United Roodepoort was disappointing, and has caused a slight decline in the price of the shares; but this is only a temporary set-back, and by next March or April the mine should be making monthly profits of from £15,000 to £18,000.

The Chairman's statement at the meeting of the Oceana Consolidated Company on Tuesday was eminently satisfactory. The Oceana Consolidated does not, perhaps, make much noise in the world, and its shares are not quoted at a premium on the market. Nevertheless, it is carrying out a work of great importance in the South-East and in the interior of Africa, a work that is complementary, but not subsidiary, to that of the British South Africa and Mozambique Companies. There are few undertakings which are so genuinely international as the Oceana, and it serves as an important nexus between the various national interests which are busily at work to-day opening up Africa to civilisation. It has extensive interests in the Transvaal, and in conjunction with the Government of the South African Republic is carrying out the important work of connecting the rich and virgin districts of Waterburg and Zoutspansburg by railway with Pretoria. It virtually controls the development of Portuguese East Africa by its holding in the Mozambique Company. Its relations with the Congo Free State are intimate and important, and by its holdings in the Katanga and Lomami Companies it has a large interest in the development of the india rubber and other products of the Congo. Through the Zambesia Company and the Flotilla Company it is doing a large share of the work of opening up the waterways of Africa to commerce, and it has recently acquired considerable interests in the British Nyassaland Protectorate. The balance sheet shows that in effect the company is already paying its way, and as the work of opening up the African Continent progresses there is no doubt that it will make large profits. A dividend is, of course, only to be looked for some years ahead; but in view of the nature of the company's operations, and of the prudence with which they are conducted, there is little doubt that it will in the future win great prosperity. Pioneer work of this kind bears fruit but slowly; but capital invested in it is likely in the years to come to yield big returns.

Now that Rand Mines, Limited, has fulfilled the first of our predictions in its regard, namely that it would pay a dividend of 100 per cent. for the present year, it is worth while enquiring more minutely into the probable future profits of this greatest of all mining corporations. We have already declared our belief that in 1899 Rand Mines will distribute a dividend of 200 per cent. and in 1900 of at least 300 per cent. but when the prospects of the individual mines of the group are considered an even more

sanguine forecast of the future is permissible. In the table below we give a careful estimate of the probable profits of the subsidiaries of the Rand Mines group when the full mills contemplated are at work, and when working costs have been reduced to the normal level, which for these undertakings may be put at from 20s. to 22s. 6d. per ton of ore crushed. The Geldenhuis Deep has already succeeded in reducing working costs below 20s. per ton, and the Rose Deep has nearly approached this figure. In the case of the Crown Deep and the Nourse Deep certain initial difficulties in the working of the mines, due to dyke intrusions, have made the working expenses abnormally high, but these difficulties will soon be overcome, and the costs will then approach the normal level. So, also, in the Jumpers Deep, the Glen Deep and the Durban Deep, which have all only recently started work, the present monthly profits are much below the profits which will accrue when they are in thorough working order. In each case the probable profits have been calculated from the estimated average yield per ton, the ordinary average working costs, and the number of stamps with which the mines will be eventually equipped.

	Estimated future monthly profits.	Rand Mines proportion per cent.	Rand Mines proportion of monthly profits.
Rose Deep	£33,000	36.0	£11,880
Geldenhuis Deep...	26,000	40.8	10,608
Jumpers Deep.....	26,000	66.5	17,290
Nourse Deep	42,000	71.5	30,030
Crown Deep.....	47,000	77.6	36,472
Glen Deep	15,000	45.8	6,870
Durban Deep	14,000	20.3	2,842
Ferreira Deep	58,000	58.3	33,814
Langlaagte Deep...	6,000	97.0	5,820
Wolhuter	16,000	18.7	2,992

£158,618

Profit per annum accruing to Rand Mines, Limited	£1,900,000
Deduct 25 per cent. for vendors' lien, 10 per cent. for capital expenditure, 5 per cent. for Transvaal gold tax	
40 per cent.	760,000

Total profit available for dividends ... £1,140,000
= 340 per cent. on £322,700, the issued capital of Rand Mines, Limited.

The average life of the deep level subsidiaries of Rand Mines, on the basis of the stamping power assumed in the above calculation, may be put at about twenty-three years, and therefore, assuming that the above forecast is correct, to yield 5 per cent. to the investor and the return of his money at the expiration of this period the present price of Rand Mines shares would be £42. In addition to its holdings in the above mines the company has, however, other holdings in the Paarl Central, the South Rand, the Village Main Reef, and Village Deep Companies, and other properties in its waterworks, its farms, its unfloats claims and water rights, and its cash in hand and out on loan, the value of which, after allowing for the Debenture issue of £1,000,000, is equivalent to at least £8 per Rand Mines share. The value of Rand Mines shares, when the deep levels, exclusive of the Village Deep and Village Main Reef, are all working satisfactorily, will therefore probably approximate to £50. This forecast may seem over-sanguine, but we have every confidence that by the year 1900 it will be realised. Any amelioration of working conditions on the Rand will of course hasten its realisation, but at the rate of progress which is actually being made by the deep levels, the profits earned should approximate to the figures given above, even under the present conditions of the mining industry. On the Rand gold mining is no longer a business where luck is supreme. It is an established, steady and productive industry, the returns of which can be calculated with considerable accuracy.

In the present condition of the market for copper it is somewhat surprising that Anaconda shares should be such a sluggish market, the more especially as a dividend of 10 per cent. for the present year is assured. Since the beginning of November Rio Tintos have risen $1\frac{1}{2}$, but Anacondas are only about $\frac{1}{4}$ higher. The price of copper has risen considerably during the past few months, and there is every probability that it will go still higher, for the simple reason that the consumption is at present actually greater than the supply. There has been this month a cessation of the continual depletion of stocks, which has been the feature of the copper market during the past twelve months, but with the new year will probably come a greatly increased demand, for the temporary lull has been due mainly to the reluctance to buy at present prices. Purchases will be compulsory in the new year, for copper is not a metal which the industries can do without, and it is therefore not unlikely that there will be a further rise in price. All the producing mines are sold far ahead, and it will be a considerable time before any new producers can start work. In view of these facts, copper mine shares are likely also to increase in value, and Anacondas, the par value of which is \$25, seem exceedingly cheap at £5 7s. 6d., with a 10 per cent. dividend in prospect. The announcement of the dividend should cause a smart rise in the price of the shares.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUTDOOR RELIEF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Temple.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Archer M. White, who discusses this subject in your last week's issue, may be right (though more probably he is wrong) in his views as to the legality and policy of supplying outdoor relief under the circumstances described by him in the Merthyr Tydvil, and other Welsh unions; but without doubt his attempt to connect it historically with the administration of the Poor Law prior to the present Poor Law Act of 1834 is irrelevant and fallacious.

The Merthyr Tydvil case has no point of comparison with the "Speenhamland Parliament." The famous Berkshire bread scale was a method of regulating the wages of labourers in actual employment, and not of destitute labourers who were unemployed.

Its object was to make up to them a living wage which they could not earn, though fully occupied, at their ordinary labours. The magistrates resolved to relieve all poor and industrious men and their families "who, to the satisfaction of the Justices of their parishes, shall endeavour (as far as they can) for their own support and maintenance." For example: "When the gallon loaf shall cost 1s. 4d., then every poor and industrious man shall have 4s. weekly for his own, and 1s. 10d. for the support of every other of his family."

This system was one of the numerous schemes of Poor Law relief of the eighteenth century, based upon principles which were abandoned in 1834, when the present Poor Law Act was passed, and no outdoor relief administered since has borne the slightest resemblance to that given before it. Mr. White is misleading when he connects the Speenhamland with the Welsh cases.

Blackstone has been sneered at for many things, and Mr. White's Poor Law provision can even find matter for a sneer in his objection to the workhouse, "because it tends to destroy domestic connexions, the only felicity of the honest and industrious labourer." Blackstone's mistake, and he made it in many other instances, was in accepting uncritically the existing Poor Law of his time. But the assertion that the ideas of Blackstone and of the Speenhamland magistrates are in favour with the Trade Union's is altogether inaccurate; and if the Merthyr Tydvil case is supposed to furnish evidence of a similar tendency in Boards of Guardians it can only be because it is not understood.

The Trade Union rate of wages adopted in some cases by "County Councils and other local authorities," has nothing at all to do with Poor Law relief; the statement that these rates of wages "only aggravate the hatred of the workhouse, and by sapping the independence of the labourers increase pauperism," is merely unintelligible. Mr. White seems to imagine that the Merthyr Tydvil guardians paid trade union wages in their quarries—a most amazing and amusing mistake. They gave no money, but only provisions.

The case had been in Court when Mr. White wrote, and the interim injunction against the guardians to prevent their alleged illegal action was refused. The action itself has not been tried, and probably never will be, and it is inconceivable that a section which evidently aims at cases of fraud upon the Guardians could be applied to the Welsh cases.

But the important point of policy is, ought guardians to be able to give relief during a strike when employment is offered at a rate of wages which is refused? The dilemma cannot be escaped that if relief is given the men are helped; and if it is not the employers are helped—*pro tanto* in either case. But the principle of poor law relief is that destitute people shall be relieved even if their destitution is due to their own fault. The duty of the guardians is to give the relief, even if it leads them into the dilemma just mentioned. To administer it on ordinary principles is the most impartial attitude they can assume. Their practical difficulty is that they cannot "workhouse" 5,000 people; and outdoor relief is the cheapest.

It is impossible to prevent the relief of distress in strikes in one form or the other; and what is wanted is some means of preventing the strikes.

BARRISTER.

ALIENS WITH ENGLISH NAMES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

81, Guilford Street, Russell Square, W.C.
19 December, 1898.

SIR,—Your remarks in the current number of the "Saturday Review" that it is undesirable that a certain class of aliens in this country should be able to assume English names "at their own good will and pleasure" shows that you regard the matter from the narrow, English, unhumanitarian, non-cosmopolitan view point. If you were the editor of a London daily newspaper it would not be necessary to remind you that if our alien invaders and conquerors were prevented from appropriating fine old English surnames, it would not be long before the aboriginal inhabitants of England discovered that the class of people that are crowding English workmen out of their own homes and country, and for whom the London ratepayer will soon have to provide house accommodation, is composed almost entirely of alien criminals of the vilest and most degraded sort. This knowledge would naturally give strength to the movement for preserving England for the exclusive benefit of the English, not semite, race.

So long, however, as the aliens are allowed to adopt any English names they choose, and while the "Daily Telegraph," "Daily News," and certain other metropolitan daily newspapers adhere to their rule of omitting all mention of the alien origin of the usurers, pickpockets, fraudulent bankrupts, murderers, "bullies," prostitutes, "firebugs," dive-keepers, blackmailers, &c., that appear in the London criminal courts, there is little danger of the English public awakening to a proper realisation of the extent to which this country is being used as a cesspool for the human sewage of Europe.

Another reason for not depriving our alien invaders of their name-changing liberty is afforded by the growing dislike of the English aborigines for having any business relations with them. Owing to this dislike a foreigner that aspires to insure his house against fire, or to found a clothing or tobacco business, or to establish a financial newspaper, or a philanthropic money-lending association, can gratify this aspiration much more easily and successfully if he first changes his name to Howard, Cecil, Gordon, or even plain Jones.

Any effort to deprive our visitors of their right to change their names as often as they choose can only

be inspired by the same anti-semitic feeling which would rob them of their time-honoured privilege of dodging their taxes, or of negotiating to make little loans on a miserable 200 per cent. interest.—Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

"THE TRUE SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The English-tongued world is indebted to Mr. Frank Harris for a very sincere and useful attempt to appreciate the true greatness of the Warwickshire yeoman to whom England owes the reluctant respect of Germany and the fitful sympathies of the United States. The indiscriminate idolatry which Mr. Harris thinks was begun by Coleridge was perhaps really set agoing by Lessing; and there is no doubt but that the Yankees are as proud as we can be of their common part, at least, of that right to a durable glory which they help to spread.

But, while justly ridiculing "the natural dulness" of "National Biographers," Mr. Harris need not stretch his case too far. Not only are some of his objections to the women of Shakespeare purely subjective, but he goes quite out of his way to found an argument upon the treatment of Joan the Maid in "Henry VI." Critics are almost unanimous in believing that the first Trilogy, produced at the outset of the Swan's flight, was the work of interior hands. It would be painful indeed to think that Shakespeare was answerable for so ill-drawn and crude a picture.

H. G. K.

GERMAN ENTERPRISE IN SIBERIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

The visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to Khabarovka, though it attracted but little attention at the time, was connected with a scheme for the development of German trade that may have more important results than the visit of the Kaiser to Palestine. Khabarovka is the headquarters of the German Siberian Trading Company, and serves as the point of departure for the German exports and specialists, who for a long time past have been studying every question relating to the Amur and Ussuri districts, and the openings to be found there both for trade and the profitable investment of capital. In Northern and Central Siberia German enterprise is not less remarkable. Trading stations are being established upon the Obi and Yenesei, and arrangements made with the Russian Government for the improvement of the harbours at the mouths of those rivers for the special benefit of German trade. The headquarters of this influential German association are at Moscow, where an exhibition both of Siberian products and of German manufactures suitable for export has been formed.

FRANCIS H. E. PALMER.

DRY-FLY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

17 December, 1898.

DEAR SIR,—The "New English Dictionary" is a noble work indeed, but some of us may be allowed to take exception to the following definition of "Dry-fly" in the third volume (D and E), page 694:—"Dry-fly, a. and v. (*angling*), used to describe a method of fishing in which an artificial fly is dangled just above the water." No doubt the lexicographer argued that the fly, to be dry, must be kept out of the water. But then how in the world could it catch the trout?—Yours faithfully,

GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

ANDREW MARVELL AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it not unfortunate that our County Council should always fail in any question which involves historic culture or literary and artistic perception? Nothing but the salutary action of the First Commissioner of Works saved London from the banality of the Boadicea monstrosity, which the Council decreed to be a work of fine art, and now they are perverting historically the memory of Andrew Marvell.

LONDONER.

REVIEWS.

A YALE PROFESSOR ON AMERICAN POLICY.

"America's Foreign Policy." By Theodore Salisbury Woolsey, M.A. New York: The Century Company. 1898.

NEVER was it more necessary than at the present moment to say the wise word about America; never was it more difficult. For even the most unimaginative Englishman has been touched by the glamour of an alliance, has been bewitched by the notion that these two allied nations, Great Britain and America, shall dominate the world. With the spell still upon him he turns aside from reason, rejects fact with scornful irritation, and suspects the good faith or the patriotism of any Englishman, who has not been bewitched. In these circumstances the best thing to be done is to find an authority upon the subject whose good faith, knowledge, and patriotism are wholly above suspicion. Such an authority is the writer of this volume. As professor of international law at Yale University he must command our respect in dealing with international questions; as an American who was just to England in the Venezuelan affair, when his own countrymen were unjust, he cannot be accused of unfriendliness to England. Yet in his preface he states very plainly that he is not in favour of an alliance. An alliance, he says, "would mean the assumption of unwelcome and unwonted responsibilities; the straying from the path of our natural and wonted development. For, if either party is attacked, alliance means war. Harmony, agreement, a good understanding—these we can strive after. But let each nation play its own hand, judge of its own duty, solve its own problems in its own way."

And even as he finds serious difficulties in accepting an Anglo-American alliance, so this Yale professor sees grave dangers to his country in the imperial policy which it has now adopted. He foresaw the danger, and in an address to the American Social Science Association at Saratoga last year he warned his hearers against the seductions of the forward or imperialist policy. The address forms the first chapter in this volume, and it offers strong proof of the courage of its author, as well as of his integrity of purpose. For he declares, in no uncertain manner, that as America is not well governed herself, she cannot hope to govern alien races well; that her own domestic problems being unsolved, she is not in a position to undertake the solution of foreign problems. He enumerates the unsolved problems which confront America. There is the currency question; the question of tariff; the reform of the Civil Service; the reform of the banking system; the reform of the railways; the reform of municipal administration. But underlying all these questions, and making reform impossible in any direction, is the question of the caucus and the evil of machine-made politics. It is no use, our author tells us, to say that good citizens ought to go into politics. Good citizens when they enter the arena of politics are powerless in the grip of the caucus. The position, he says, is hopeless. "For if you change the machinery by some popular uprising, and flatter yourself that by so doing virtue is secured, you presently find that the rascals have got the better of the new machinery but too easily. If you do away with all machinery, and legislate by the direct vote of the people, you will but substitute government by newspaper for government by caucus." And what bearing has this monstrous evil of the caucus in America's domestic politics upon her foreign relations? The bearing is this: the unscrupulous demagogues who run "the machine" would find it easy and profitable to divert the public mind from real grievances at home to fancied grievances abroad. "To divert the people from the real questions at issue; to excite their war-like desires by emphasising some petty injury or fancied danger; to sweep them into a vortex of passion, miscalled patriotism—what a golden opportunity for the demagogue, but what a detriment to good government and useful legislation!" Now the special value which the indictment has for English people lies in the fact that when we deal with the American Government we are dealing with this un-

scrupulous caucus which creates the Government and guides it; and were we ever so foolish as to enter into an alliance, it would not be with the thoughtful and honest people of the United States, but with the all-powerful "machine."

How reckless the machine-made politician can be, and how unrighteous in his dealings with other countries, is clearly shown in this volume. It is not to be supposed that a Yale professor holds a brief for foreign nations as against his own, so we may take it that the indictment of his countrymen in the matter of foreign politics is a reasonable presentment of the case. Two of the questions which he offers as proof that the American politician is rash and unjust are questions which have deeply concerned ourselves. There was the question of Behring Sea. At one time Russia declared that she had exclusive rights over the coasts and waters of the Behring Sea. Neither Great Britain nor the United States, however, admitted these rights; and in the treaty made in 1824 between Russia and the United States the citizens of both countries were made free, in navigation or in fishing, of the Pacific Ocean, of which Behring Sea forms a part. Yet in the face of these protests against Russia's claim to exclusive ownership, the United States herself made claim to exclusive ownership in denying the rights of Great Britain. Upon what grounds did she make this claim? The thing reads like a farcical comedy, for the States made this claim on the ground that she had bought territory from Russia in the Behring Sea, and therefore she inherited the rights of Russia—the very rights which she aforetime had so strenuously denied and resisted. Of course, when the whole question came up for settlement by arbitration in 1893 this preposterous claim of the United States was not admitted, but the incident shows to what depths of unscrupulousness the Washington politician can descend. Another of his favourite manœuvres is to get rid of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850. The chief declaration in that treaty is that neither Great Britain nor the United States shall obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the Nicaragua Canal, nor shall one or the other fortify it or acquire any exclusive privilege in it. On the contrary, it shall be under the joint protection of the two Governments, and its neutrality shall be guaranteed, so that it may for ever be free and open. That is surely a very definite agreement, yet the "Bosses" who direct the politics of the United States, both domestic and foreign, have sought diligently to shuffle that treaty out of sight. For what reason? Professor Woolsey in this volume states the reason clearly. "There is," he says, "a darling wish entertained by some for which no price seems too dear. Though not often formulated clearly, but wrapped rather in the ceremonies of stately words, this wish appears to be for an exclusive use of the Canal by the navy of the United States when a belligerent. Suppose, for example, England and this country to be at war; then our ships could pass the Canal, could mass or separate for attack or defence, while her ships would be debarred. The value of such a right is at once apparent." In pursuit of this "darling wish" the politicians have sought every means to set aside the rights of Great Britain in the Nicaragua Canal. Secretary Blaine declared that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty needed modification; Secretary Frelinghuysen was kind enough to admit that there was such a treaty, but declared that it was voidable; and in Congress a member is reported to have said, frankly, "I would be willing to go to war to prevent England from obtaining control of the Nicaragua Canal, or from interfering in our control of that waterway."

These instances of reckless and unjust methods of dealing in foreign affairs show how dangerous the new path in foreign politics will be for America, and also how dangerous it may prove for her friends. The addresses and lectures in this volume are all of value; but perhaps their chief value is found in the fact that they show the normal attitude of the United States to this country before the spring of this year. And that attitude is one of settled hostility. Professor Woolsey is not himself, as we have said, hostile to England; on the contrary, as in the Venezuelan affair, he takes strong sides with Lord Salisbury against President Cleveland. But the hostility of his countrymen to England comes up every-

where in his volume as a thing to be taken for granted. To the people who build high upon the sudden friendship of the United States for this country, it would be worth while to remember that this friendliness is very short-lived, and that behind it is a century of hatred. Not that the people of the States, taking them singly, have hated this country; but the policy of their Government, the attitude of their politicians has been persistently unfriendly. Is it to be supposed that this deep-set unfriendliness is to disappear from the attitude and the policy of the political bosses at Washington as if it had never been? There is nothing in this impartial statement of America's foreign policy to indicate any achievement quite so miraculous; therefore, we commend it to the careful consideration of the well-meaning sentimentalists who are bewitched with the dream of an Anglo-American alliance.

PUSEY, THE MAN AND THE ECCLESIASTIC.

"Spiritual Letters of Edward Bouverie Pusey." Edited by Rev. J. O. Johnston, M.A., and the Rev. Canon Newbolt. London: Longmans. 1898.

THE conscientious, if somewhat verbose, biographers of Dr. Pusey have added to the four immense volumes already published "a necessary supplement" in the shape of a fifth, which, if by comparison it may be considered slight, is yet a substantial addition to the voluminous literature of the Tractarian movement. The fascination which that episode in our Church history has had for the educated intellect of England is no mean evidence of the unusual moral stature of the original leaders. Whether in the retrospect of history their work will be judged to be so important as is now generally maintained may be questioned, but there is little probability that the present estimate of their characters will be changed. Of the famous trinity, we may, perhaps, say that Newman was the most attractive, Keble the most saintly, and Pusey the most unworldly, yet all three in differing measure were attractive and saintly and unworldly. The last-named was certainly the most considerable of the three. He lacked the mysterious charm of the Cardinal and the divine lucidity of the sacred poet, but (to borrow the words of Dean Church) "he stood out yet more impressively among his fellows in the lofty elevation and simplicity of his life, the blamelessness of his youth, and the profound devotion of his manhood, to which the family sorrows of his later years, and the habits which grew out of them, added a stern and solemn interest." Newman, after his admission to the Roman Communion, had little influence. For many years he was kept in the background by his ecclesiastical superiors, who failed to appreciate the greatness of their conquest, and to the end of his life he remained a venerated observer rather than an active figure in ecclesiastical politics. Keble was constitutionally unfitted for conflict, and though he loyally bore his share of the burden, men did not generally look to him for guidance and help when the disasters of 1845 and 1851 fell upon the movement. It was Dr. Pusey who carried the weight of that afflicting crisis. From all quarters the doubting and distressed turned to him for direction, and not in vain. He rose to the necessities of the time, and surrendered himself with a completeness of devotion which has never been excelled to the task of rallying the High Church party.

This volume lifts the veil from the private correspondence of the most conscientious and influential spiritual director of the century. We observe with astonishment the range of his counsels. He dilates on the pettiest faults of girlish vanity not less gravely than on the problems of educated scepticism and the questions which decide men's spiritual allegiance to Rome or to England. He writes always with a transparent sincerity, a profound conviction, and a singularly attractive affection. Those who allow themselves to condone or echo the calumnies, which commonly pass current with the vulgar when the subject of private confession is under discussion, should find in this book the rebuke of their uncharitable credulity.

In writing to his penitents, Dr. Pusey discovers to view both the strength and the weakness of his character. He is at his best when bereavement is to be consoled, or presumption censured, or wilfulness restrained. His

sympathy, insight, and wisdom are truly wonderful. He is at his worst when, deserting the sure guidance of his own perceptions, he echoes the narrow and fantastic counsels of those rigid authorities to whom he accorded so ample a respect. He bids a penitent check a tendency to pride by "making some picture of herself to herself, as of a body in which each sin was a foul, loathsome ulcer," and adds "a vain person must be much more foul in the sight of the holy angels." In the same letter, he rebukes fondness for dress by quaintly asking "What is all dress but the fig-leaves, and so a token of penitence and God's pardon of sinners?" He recommends as a cure for laughing, meditation on Hell in its most material sense; He counsels a young lady "five times during any evening spent in the society of others" to collect herself with thought of "the five Blessed Wounds;" and he urges another by the reflection that "a soul in grace is said to be so beautiful that we should die if we could see it." All these sayings could readily transport us into the heart of the Middle Ages. This, indeed, is the truth about Dr. Pusey. He had the knowledge of the 19th century and the mental attitude of the 13th. He dealt with the exigencies of modern life in the temper now of a mediæval schoolman, now of a monastic saint. He poured forth bewildering masses of learning on the least considerable occasions. His Tract on Baptism, a solid treatise of 400 pages crammed with theological and patristic knowledge, "was written to save a Hebrew pupil from becoming a Dissenter because he did not believe Baptismal Regeneration." His credulity was ingrained and extreme; but it was so evidently natural that it waked comparatively little resentment. He alludes to the miracles recorded by Bede as having been worked by S. Augustine of Canterbury, and evidently believes them (p. 68). He recommends, as a remedy against doubting thoughts, the sign of the Cross on the forehead, which "has great power, the forehead being the seat of thought; Satan fears it" (p. 99). He affirms that, "through the Holy Eucharist bodily cures which were above nature" were in his personal knowledge actually effected (p. 206); and he relates, as an unquestioned fact, that S. Peter "as a great example of penitence, all his life through, wept his fall at every cock-crowing" (237). He speaks of the body with ascetical contempt, of the "self" with absolute loathing, of "guardian" and other angels with the familiarity of undoubting belief, of Satan with the dread of realised personal danger. In a word, he is in mental attitude and tone of thought frankly mediæval. Such a man could never have really grappled with the intellectual difficulties of this age, for he neither sympathised with nor understood them. From the entrenchments of undoubting conviction he looked with pitying wonder or sorrowful contempt on the sinful vagaries of the undisciplined mind. He met doubt with exhortation to repentance; he sometimes condescended to show cause for beliefs which were to him self-evidently true, but he never really discussed the objections of his correspondents, for they dealt with subjects too sacred for the freedom of discussion. Where, however, his assumptions were conceded, Dr. Pusey was a counsellor beyond all others persuasive and convincing, and commonly he was consulted by those who were attracted rather than repelled by his rigid convictions. A large part of the book before us is filled with arguments designed to restrain people from deserting the Church of England for the communion of the Church of Rome. On this subject Dr. Pusey was completely at home. His opponents were absolutely at one with him on the broad principles. They differed on points of the greatest practical importance, but which were essentially secondary, depending on inferences from history, interpretations of patristic evidence, and so forth. His immense knowledge, his close reasoning, his singular self-restraint, and his chivalrous sincerity rendered him perhaps the most formidable antagonist to Roman pretensions since Jeremy Taylor led the cause. The letters here printed have a permanent value, for the claims they criticise and reject are still urged, and—which is perhaps more astonishing—still accepted. Dr. Pusey combined great practical sagacity with his profound religious convictions. Our ritualists might with advantage take to heart the earnest and repeated protests against ceremonial extravagance which these

pages contain. "The misery is with the pedantic copiers of Rome," he wrote in 1877. "Some of the clergy seem to me to be vying with one another who should puzzle their people most. . . . The people are alienated from us by things about which there is a good deal of pedantry. Why should people say 'Mass' instead of the Holy Eucharist?" Especially he deprecated the contempt of Bishops which then as now marked the extreme clergy of every school. Reading his indignant and sorrowful words, we cannot avoid the reflection, what would his tender and reverent soul have suffered from the discords and confusions of our present state!

"THE GREAT LORD BURGHLEY."

"The Great Lord Burghley: A Study in Elizabethan Statecraft." By Martin A. S. Hume, Author of "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," Editor of "The Calendar of Spanish State Papers." London: Nisbet. 1898.

THE considerable reputation which Major Hume made for himself by "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth," and other writings on the most complex period in English history, will be increased by "The Great Lord Burghley." His orderly narrative and straightforward style, never embarrassed by the intricacy of the plots and counter-plots which he sets himself to unravel, his impartial citation of evidence that tells either for or against the conclusions he is working towards, his rather cold abstinence from praise or censure, first win the confidence, and then rivet the interest, of those who follow his treatment of a highly disputatious theme. Dealing with matters that would readily lend themselves to moralising rhetoric, he has not written a passage that appeals to the feelings or the imagination. What he gives us is a slowly-moving cinematograph of history—photography without colours. These are the merits, as they are the limitations, of the author's work. Major Hume is not a great writer, not even a great historian, but he is a sound and trustworthy scholar. We do not mean—nor would he claim—that all the inferences he suggests are to be accepted as authoritative. In many cases he exposes the gaps in his own argument, and even volunteers *data* which justify doubt, or point to a different conclusion. For instance, he contends that Burghley has been unjustly charged with compassing the ruin of Mary Queen of Scots. The only part of the charge which is here refuted is that the Lord Treasurer was actuated by any motives but those of public policy. So long as possible he modified the rigours of her confinement. When her own folly and the recklessness of her partisans caused her to be transferred from the mild custody of Shrewsbury to the severe invigilation of Amyas Paulet, he still tried to obtain indulgence for the wayward captive. This kindness, no doubt, induced her friends to reckon him almost as one of themselves, and therefore embittered them against him when they found him unbending in his resolve to crush her cause. They have this much reason on their side. Although he was guilty of no perfidy such as they allege, in proposing the commission which was issued for her trial in October, 1586, he must have known that he was ensuring her condemnation. It was a packed Commission, and it held a mock trial. Before such judges as Burghley sent to Fotheringhay, Mary Queen of Scots had about as much chance of a fair hearing as Captain Alfred Dreyfus.

But this, in spite of all the controversies on the subject, we venture to say, is no real blot on Burghley's fame. Nothing he could do would have availed to save a woman bent on self-destruction. Nor could she be allowed to live, so long as round her person centred a conspiracy against the Queen, the Constitution, and the Religion of England. These Burghley was pledged to defend, and it was not the custom of the time to give any "law" to a prisoner whom all the world knew to be guilty. But it is difficult to understand, and quite impossible to excuse, Burghley's having taken part in the mean device by which Elizabeth and her principal councillors tried to throw on an unhappy subordinate the odium of carrying out the death sentence. It is clear that Davison had done nothing but execute his orders, yet he was cast into the Tower, deprived of

his offices, and only released upon paying a fine which reduced him to poverty. But this is not quite the worst. Three years afterwards, when Essex—not from disinterested motives—proposed to restore the degraded official to employment, Burghley used all his influence on the other side, and even, as a final argument, threatened the Queen that he would retire, on account of his "age and infirmities"—a hint which, as Major Hume remarks, always "brought her to her bearings." Burghley was "not a generous man." On the other hand, he had no love of cruelty for its own sake, and throughout his career was the most placable of men so long as his own position was not endangered. In 1570 he had good cause of resentment against Norfolk, and even some reason for wishing him put out of the way. But he took advantage of the Plague to intercede with the Queen for the prisoner's release, and his good offices were warmly acknowledged. On the other hand, he was obdurate, two years later, against Northumberland. He insisted on the conspirator being beheaded, much against the wishes of Elizabeth and amid "the lamentations of a great populace, who loved him above any other subject of the Queen." Kindliness came more easily to Burghley than severity, but nothing was allowed to interfere with the interests of his Mistress, his country, and his ambition. Of the three it is not always easy to decide which he ranked first. Probably he identified them in his own mind. And, though he enriched himself and clung tenaciously to power, it would be impossible to point to a single occasion in his long career when he sacrificed public to personal ends. If this is not the purest type of exalted patriotism, it is a fair working imitation—the nearest approach to the real thing which would have been understood by the politicians of his own time.

In the age of almost universal venality he was absolutely incorruptible, and it was to this quality, as much as to his cool shrewdness, that he was indebted for the unwavering confidence of Elizabeth. She quarrelled with him, rebelled against his advice, and slighted him both in public and private, but she never intended to break with him finally. With all her levity and fickleness, she understood his superiority to the gay and brilliant courtiers who were for ever seeking to displace him. When for a time she followed the counsels of a Dudley or an Essex or a Raleigh, it was more from a womanlike desire to show that she had a will of her own than because she had lost confidence in her Lord Treasurer. Yet she might have been excused for regarding him with a certain amount of distrust. He had behaved very shabbily to her while she was still a Princess. She could scarcely have forgotten that William Cecil in 1553 had put his name to the document under which she and her sister were disinherited, and pledged his oath to carry out that settlement. Nor was she likely to have her opinion of his fortitude strengthened by the paltry and quibbling submission in which, after the accession of Mary, he attempted to exculpate himself. So far as it proved anything, it proved that he was playing false to both sides. As Major Hume observes, "The first consideration for William Cecil was not unnaturally William Cecil's head." Nor can she have believed very much in the Protestant principles—though they were as sincere as her own—of the man who in her sister's reign had openly conformed to the observances of the Roman Catholic faith. But if the Minister was sly, so was the Sovereign, and, as neither of them entertained any preference for rectitude, they seem to have respected rather than mistrusted each other on account of their common quality. A trick or a lie was only blamed in those days if it failed—like finessing at whist. Even with our modern conception of public morality as being at least similar in kind to private duty, we are unable to read this tortuous record of plots and intrigues without a certain satisfaction in seeing that when the English statesman took a hand in the game he played it better than any of the Papal legates and Spanish or French ambassadors, and that the spies and secret agents employed on behalf of Elizabeth were more than a match for those in the service of Philip and Henry III. It was Burghley's one unwavering policy in all his manifold negotiations, to play off France against Spain, to prevent them from making common

cause against England, and to keep the former from getting possession of the Low Countries. He was anxious, therefore, to maintain at least an external friendship with the latter. Though he dared not openly oppose, he combated, with all the indirect means in his power, the provocative policy practised by the leaders of the ultra-Protestant party. The defeat of the Spanish Armada, though he had worked hard to prepare the country for conflict when peace could no longer be maintained, was no victory for Burghley, and his last hours were spent, as Major Hume records, in trying to bring about peace with Spain.

It is no slight achievement of the author that in so fully describing the complicated politics of the period he has not obliterated the characteristics of the man whose life he has written. Though so much of the book is history, it is also a remarkably good biography: the background does not overshadow the central figure. On the one hand of Cecil the *grand seigneur*, the princely entertainer, the patron of learning, the amateur of gardening, and on the other of Cecil the invalid tortured with chronic gout, the distressed father of a scapegrace son, the master of the household checking the expenditure and controlling the minutest details of his vast establishments, we are presented with as vivid a picture as of the statesman struggling to preserve the independence of his country and to maintain, against rivals as unscrupulous as himself, his place by the side of a fickle and flighty Mistress.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY.

"Apostolic Christianity: Notes and Inferences mainly based on S. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians." By H. Hensley Henson, B.D. London: Methuen and Co., 1898.

MR. HENSON is convinced that the power of the pulpit is declining, partly through the competition of other appeals to the tastes and interests of the laity, whether religious or non-religious, partly because the multiplicity of parochial duties leaves the parish priest less time than of old for the preparation and study which are the indispensable conditions of any preaching that is to be of use to modern congregations. Other means, therefore—informal lectures, private conferences, popular handbooks—must be employed to bring before laymen the information which they do not care to hear in sermons, or which, if they did care, they would not hear in one sermon out of a hundred. The present volume, which has grown out of a series of addresses to men's classes, is an attempt to give such an account of the organization and life of the Church in the days of the Apostles as shall be intelligible to the ordinary reading public, and yet assimilate and reproduce the large amount of additional knowledge with which the labours of recent students have presented us. Mr. Henson does not profess to give us the results of original research so much as to popularise what must otherwise be sought for in the larger works of Renan (but why does he call him "Rénan?"), Weizsäcker (and why "Weizäcker?"), Godet, Hort, Lightfoot, and others.

The result is a very vigorous and interesting little volume. We have first a description of the Apostolic Ecclesia, its dependence in organization on the Jewish synagogue, its disciplinary powers, the limits of its autonomy. Then a discussion of St. Paul's Epistles, and the light they throw on the formation of the early Christian communities, and especially the Corinthian Church. Then follows a consideration of the Creeds and Sacraments of the primitive Church, "what the first Christians thought about Christ," and what Baptism and the Holy Communion must have meant to them. Lastly comes a more detailed examination of primitive organization, the ministry, public worship, the position of women in the Church, Apostolic finance, and the miraculous gifts in the Apostolic age. This brings us to "Conclusions," but not to the end of the book, for there are four short appendices, on St. Paul's teaching at Corinth, Apostolic Succession, Confession, and Celibacy, after which are printed two sermons on the administration of baptism in large towns, and on the social influence of Christianity.

Mr. Henson writes in the spirit of an earnest High

Churchman who is yet willing, nay eager, to accept what he thinks to be the sure results of modern criticism, and to modify old traditions by them. He claims New Testament authority for infant baptism (p. 141 f.); strongly deprecates evening communion, as violating "the settled custom of the Church through eighteen centuries" (p. 158); and on the Christian Ministry holds that "in face of the evidence of the Acts and the Pastoral Epistles it seems difficult to deny that the notion of transmitting ministerial authority by a formal act of ordination was established in the earliest Church. From these premisses the conclusion of episcopacy would seem to be as logically irresistible as it has been historically evident" (p. 14).

Yet he is willing to interpret the Pentecostal gift of tongues as identical with the "tongues" mentioned in 1 Cor. xii.-xiv. as a *χάρισμα* (why is it so often printed *χαρισμα*? and why on p. 21 do we have *χαρισματα*?), and as being an ecstatic utterance, not a power of speaking divers languages. The account in Acts ii. "represents a developed tradition of the history, rather than the history itself" (p. 218); and he is disposed to grant that there may have been a similar development of tradition as to the number and nature of the miracles wrought by St. Peter and St. Paul in Acts v. 12-16, xix., 11, 12 (p. 229). Yet, with all his criticism, his attitude towards his Bible is one of deep reverence and loyal faith.

The early chapters of the book seem to us the best, and those on the doctrine and sacraments of the Church to be the weakest. It is not that there is any shrinking from difficult problems, or consciously superficial treatment of them, but several of the chapters give one the impression of leaving off in the middle. We begin what seems to be a long and full discussion of the subject, and just as we are getting well into it the chapter stops. The same may be said of the four appendices, and of the latter of the two sermons.

This we suppose means haste; and there are other signs that the book has been put together without sufficient care. It is a small book, yet it is laid out on lines only suitable to a large one. It is in four parts, and there are four first chapters in less than 300 pages; the "preliminary data" are placed in the second part, and we cannot discover any principle in the arrangement of chapters in part iv. There are careless statements, as that "nowhere in the Pauline writings are the presbyters or elders mentioned" (p. 192; has Mr. Henson forgotten 1 Tim. v. 17-19, and Titus 1, 5?). The proof sheets needed an extra revision. We all know of the iniquities of compositors, but their most humorous mood would have left this book in a very different condition if the author himself had done his duty by his proof sheets. There is hardly a line of Greek in which there is not an accent misplaced or omitted.

"THE FOUNDATIONS OF ENGLAND."

"The Foundations of England." By Sir James Ramsay, Bart. 2 vols. Swan Sonnenschein. 1898.

SIR JAMES RAMSAY has taken in hand a labour of no mean sort in proposing to digest into some eleven hundred pages the whole history of England down to the end of the reign of Stephen. His "foundations," too, go very deep, for the opening chapters of volume 1 take us back to Pytheas, polyandry, and the *Tuath na Danaan*. On the whole, the book shows a laudable attempt to grapple with the sources of our early history, and to keep level with the latest theories of modern commentators upon them. Sometimes Sir James is even a little too ready to pick up the theory of yesterday before it has been fully tested; some of Professor Rhys's and Mr. Horace Round's views, which he incorporates, have still to stand the test of criticism.

With the Pre-Roman chapters of the work we have neither space nor time to deal. Celtic archaeologists are the most difficult of men to bring into line, and of those competent to criticise them no two seem to come to the same conclusion. In Roman Britain we are on firmer ground, though still much encompassed by the mists raised by the geographical ignorance of classical

writers, and distracted by the will-of-the-wisp lights shown by modern antiquaries, each of whom is anxious to localise a Roman site in his own back garden, after the manner of their spiritual father Monkbarns. Sir James Ramsay is at his best in dealing with the campaigns of Agricola and Severus in Caledonia: his plan of following out their marches by means of the existing Roman camps seems to give good results, and there is a great deal to be said for his identification of the site of the battle of Mons Gropius (why not Graupius?) near Delvine. On the matter of the great Northumbrian wall he is less satisfactory: he holds that the *vallum* which cuts across the Tyneside moors is the work of Hadrian, but that the stone wall which runs parallel to it must be ascribed to Severus. This conclusion he rests (p. 79) on the statement that the *vallum* and wall sometimes come into actual contact, and that in such cases (as for example at Wall Bowers) the wall overrides the *vallum*. This allegation has the misfortune not to be true: the excavations of the Cumberland Archaeological Society during the last three or four years have conclusively shown that the *vallum* never touches or infringes on the wall. Sir James has evidently not read Mr. Haverfield's long reports on the subject, published at intervals during the last four years. The real solution of the relation between the two structures is undoubtedly that which is given, with apparent disapproval, at the bottom of page 79—viz., that the *vallum* was a purely non-military work, probably a provincial frontier-ditch, and must not be placed in any tactical relation whatever with the stone wall. In this section, by the way, the two distressing misprints of Pons Ælii and Carranbrough, for Pons Ælii and Carrawburgh will puzzle some readers.

We are sorry to note in Chapter VI. some traces of the malign influence of the forged Richard of Cirencester, whose inventions have done so much permanent harm to English research on Roman subjects. Sir James holds that "it is generally agreed that Britannia Prima lay to the south of the Thames Valley, answering to the later Wessex; that Britannia Secunda lay to the west of the Severn; Flavia Cæsariensis would extend from the Thames to the Humber, and Maxima Cæsariensis from the Humber to the Wall." This is "pure Richard"; no one knows anything about the position of the Provinces, save one single fact, which came to light some five years ago. This fact is that Cirencester was in Britannia Prima, since a dedicatory inscription by the governor of that region has been dug up there. But by Sir James' "general agreement" Cirencester, being well north of the Thames, should have been in Flavia Cæsariensis. It is true that English-made maps of Britain generally give the arrangement quoted by our author, but this comes entirely from employing "Richard" either at first or at second hand.

Sir James gives a very fair account of the Anglo-Saxon conquest, making great play with Gildas and Nennius, who since his "vindication" in Zimmer's solid but ill-arranged work, enjoys a greater reputation than of old. The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle is, however, still used with somewhat over-great freedom. A word of caution should have been inserted when the tale of the conquest of Wessex by the Gewissas was related. Cerdic and Cynric seem to be accepted as perfectly genuine Saxon ealdormen in spite of their purely Celtic names, and the fact that they are quite unknown to Bede, the one authority that we can trust. Our author has his doubts about their alleged companions, "Port" and "Wightgar," whose names are a little too suggestive of Portus and Vectis. But he does not seem to notice that Cerdic and Cynric may be, like the other two Princes, improvised from British place-names. It is as likely that Cerdic's name was derived from the well-known Hampshire "Cerdicesbeorg" as that the place owed its name to a Saxon hero with a Welsh name. As a matter of fact all Wessex history before the days of Cwichelm and Kenwalch (for whom Bede vouches) is very dark and doubtful. The family traditions of King Alfred's ancestors had been given long enough time to grow wholly untrustworthy, before they were written down in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.

Since we have fallen to talking of names, we may, perhaps, ask where Sir James gets his odd form of Ceonwulf for Offa's successor as King of Mercia. As

the name is so spelt five times on pp. 19-20, and also in the index, we presume that it cannot be a mere misprint. Wolfhere is another very odd version of the name of a Mercian king. Coenred, a third monarch of the same realm, can hardly have corresponded with Charles the Great (p. 221), as he abdicated in 709, and the great Frank did not ascend the throne till 768. An equally unfounded statement is that Oswiu was the first English king to be canonised (p. 195); not only is he never spoken of as a saint, but his predecessor, Oswald, undoubtedly was generally so called, from within a few years of his death (Bede III., 12, &c.). It is astonishing to find on page 504 the statement that Edward the Confessor was "apparently an Albino," founded on the description of him in the "Vita Ædwardi," where he is spoken of as having milk-white hair and beard in his later years.

In the description of the battle of Hastings Sir James Ramsay follows Mr. Horace Round in rejecting the theory that the English protected their position by a palisade. But Mr. Round will not be pleased to see that his disciple accepts in full the name Senlac, and holds that Wace clearly describes a palisade, though he thinks that as a matter of fact no such structure was reared on the hillside. Sir James has a theory of his own as to the English formation at the great battle—viz., that they were drawn up in three sides of a square, with one angle facing south-eastward and another south-westward (p. 26, vol. ii.). He thinks that the Bayeux tapestry clearly "depicts an angle, with Normans attacking on two sides and the English archers shooting through the break at the angle." As a matter of fact, there is only one English archer in the whole work. But every one can find in the primitive drawing of the tapestry that which he wishes to see. We know students who have discovered in it the palisade itself, in one of the strange twisted ornaments which separate scene and scene; others have detected a "perfect shield-wall" to their own full satisfaction.

Battles indeed are not Sir James' strong point; he has completely misconceived Tenchebrai, the battle of the Standard, and the first battle of Lincoln. In the last-named he places each army in three lines, yet makes the first line of each fight the first line of the other, then the two second lines engage. Obviously this could not take place; the defeated front corps of Stephen's army must have been driven back on to the second corps if the latter had been directly in its rear. Yet we know that this second body under Albemarle and William of Ypres fought a separate fight of its own, not with Gloucester's victorious first line, but with another part of his host, led by the Earl of Chester.

It is a pity that a work of real research and admirable industry should be disfigured by so many slips and misconceptions. We wish that we could find it in our power to give a more favourable verdict on a book undertaken in the right spirit, and generally carried out on the right methods.

A MAKER OF COLONIES.

"Edward Gibbon Wakefield: the Colonisation of South Australia and New Zealand." By R. Garnett, C.B., LL.D. Builders of Greater Britain Series. London: Unwin. 1898.

EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD, as Dr. Garnett says, "is our best example of a type of heroism uncatalogued by Carlyle, the Hero as Colony-maker." If the "Builders of Greater Britain" Series had been less excellent than it has proved, this biography would by itself go far to render it noteworthy. Wakefield's career in parts was as wildly romantic as any conceived by sensational novelist; in others it was as pregnant of public good as the most daring philanthropic statesmanship could desire.

There was nothing of the commonplace about Wakefield. His conduct was probably the result of heredity. He came of a family "possessed of a fine, irregular genius for marriage," and "was brought up in an atmosphere of aggressive philanthropy." His youth was erratic. He was a gay and irresponsible young man about town. He tempered his vagaries by a mild ambition to shine in

what Place, the philosophical and Radical tailor of Charing Cross, called that "rascally employment"—diplomacy. Wakefield eloped with a ward in Chancery when he was twenty. After a brief spell of happy married life his wife died in giving birth to their second child. Devoted to his son and daughter, he was in 1826 the principal in an exploit which would be incredible were it not proved beyond all question. Some of his friends were anxious that he should go into Parliament as representative of Macclesfield. To enable him to secure the seat it was deemed necessary that he should marry Miss Ethel Turner, the daughter of a wealthy Cheshire manufacturer. But Wakefield did not even know Miss Turner, who was a mere girl at school. A plot was concocted by which a friend of Wakefield's assumed the guise of a doctor, called at the school and got the girl away on the pretext that her mother was very ill. Wakefield met Miss Turner on the road. She was then told that her mother was all right, but that her father was on the verge of bankruptcy, and the family position could only be saved by his daughter's marriage with Wakefield. The matter-of-fact manner in which Miss Turner took the whole thing is not the least amazing part of it. They proceeded to Gretna Green, and the marriage ceremony was gone through, "Wakefield promising that the union should be nominal until he had taught her to love him." Long before that could be accomplished, the strangely wedded pair were caught in Calais, the lady renounced her abductor, and Wakefield returned to England to be tried for the escapade and sentenced to three years' imprisonment in Newgate. No doubt he spoke the truth when he said that if any man had behaved to his daughter as he had behaved to Ethel Turner, he would have shot him.

For Wakefield, Newgate proved a true reformatory. He went there a man of fashion and "a good-for-nothing," as Place called him; and if ever man rose on stepping stones of his dead self, Wakefield did. "It would have appeared the wildest of prophecies," Dr. Garnett observes, "had any one told the crowds that watched him withdraw from the dock or from before the bar of the House of Lords that within eleven years the convicted offender would go forth as the confidential adviser of a British pro-consul charged to reconcile a great disaffected dependency to the Empire; that in aiding to accomplish this end he would lay down principles which would all but extinguish colonial disaffection in the future; that his ideas would create one colony and his daring action preserve another; that senators and statesmen would honour him as a superior, or contend with him as an equal; that almost his last exertions would be devoted to co-operation with philanthropists and ecclesiastics in the establishment of a model colony." Wakefield conceived his great ideas of colonisation—ideas that revolutionised the very principles of colonisation for all time—in prison. In these days few, if any, know of Wakefield, the adventurer; but the least informed should know of him as the revolutionist of our colonial system. In the gloomy precincts of Newgate he worked out for himself the problem of relieving congested centres of population at home and of peopling the splendid wastes of Australasia with hardy and worthy men and women, destined to create other Britains under other skies. Australia and New Zealand, at the time that Wakefield was in gaol, were the homes largely of transported convicts and others who should have been convicts. Whole countries were in the possession of beech-combers, squatters, cannibals, and escaped gaol-birds. Wakefield opposed transportation, and denounced the uncontrolled acquisition of unnumbered acres in the colonies by one man for a mere song. He proposed that a sufficient price should be put upon every acre sold, and that the money realised should go to the establishment of an emigration fund. He elaborated these ideas with a literary skill which left little to be desired, and he was tireless in his efforts to educate his countrymen to a proper conception of them.

Dr. Garnett raises a highly controversial point in claiming that Wakefield, and not George Fife Angas, was the real father of South Australia. The truth

seems to be that Wakefield in the making of that colony was the architect, whilst Angas was the builder. In any case, Wakefield showed South Australia the way to prosperity. He went to Canada with Lord Durham on his famous mission, and had a much larger share than the world is aware, in securing for the colonies the right of self-government, a concession which saved the Empire from a repetition of the troubles of 1776. Lord Durham's famous report was largely inspired by Wakefield. From Canada Wakefield turned his attention to New Zealand. The history of the New Zealand Company was chequered and intricate; but the company rendered the Empire enormous service, and was more sinned against than sinning. When Wakefield resigned, its difficulties increased apace. He has been charged with leaving a sinking ship, and we are glad to glean from data given by Dr. Garnett that the charge is unfounded. He resigned only when paralysis left him no alternative. The hours of the company were probably in any case numbered. Many of the charges and allegations against it were untrue, some very illogical, all were unreasonable. "The company," said Wakefield, "was founded by men with great souls and little pockets, and fell into the hands of men with great pockets and little souls." Wakefield threw himself into the work of reorganising our colonial system with all the more zest because his imprisonment stopped his entering Parliament. Whether he would have done his country the same signal service as a member, no one can say. He might even have become a Colonial Minister, and his nascent schemes would in that event probably have been strangled by red tape. As a listener in the galleries of one of the Houses of the Legislature he must often have chafed under his disability, when opponents, or friends whom he had crammed for purposes of debate, went astray on colonial questions. Ethel Turner, as Dr. Garnett suggests, was indeed avenged! Wakefield was a vigorous, hard-headed, liberal-minded, optimistic patriot. "Perish the miserable despondency," he said, "of those who contend that the decline and fall of England have commenced, and that her bright day of prosperity, virtue, happiness, and glory has passed away for ever." That the pessimistic forebodings he was thinking of have been dispelled is beyond question largely due to Wakefield's own efforts.

IN MALAYA.

"Camping and Tramping in Malaya." By Ambrose B. Rathbone, F.R.G.S. London: Sonnenschein, 1898.

MALAYA was spoken of a year or two ago as a corner of the East so remote that the rest of the East was hardly aware of its existence. In the West, until quite recently, ignorance regarding the peninsula and its people was almost as dense as that in Malaya with regard to the white man. Gradually, however, they have become better known to each other. Whilst British administration has succeeded unobtrusively, and without an excess of heroics or red tape, in reducing the Malay states to order and prosperity, the writings of Sir F. A. Swettenham, the lectures and speeches of ex-governors, and the personal memoranda of men like Mr. A. B. Rathbone have served from time to time to bring Malaya to public notice. In less than twenty years British control has multiplied the revenue of the western protected states tenfold, and by slow degrees the native chiefs have been induced to believe in British integrity and appreciate the benefits of British rule. Mr. Rathbone's purpose is to afford the armchair adventurer a more or less intimate insight into the character of the fierce people who have now been pretty thoroughly tamed. Unfortunately Mr. Rathbone gauges his own powers with entire accuracy when he says that he is more at home with the parang, cutting through the jungle, than with the pen. There is nothing approaching pigeon English in this volume, but as the result of fifteen years' association with the Chinese in Malaya many of its sentences are a species of Chinese puzzle. Some sentences, moreover, are so long that as much lung power would

be needed to read them aloud as Mr. Rathbone required on one occasion when he tried the paces of a Sikh policeman.

Mr. Rathbone leaves a fairly vivid impression on the reader's mind both of the country and of the character of the Malay. The climate is, of course, trying to Europeans, and has had neurotic effects on the natives themselves. They require to be very tenderly handled if their services are to be retained as workers, and they are a bad sort of folk to provoke. Their savagery is disguised by the thinnest veneer of civilisation, and the treachery, cunning, and absolute disregard of human life, which Mr. Rathbone traces to their Arabian ancestry, are latent only. On the whole, family ties acquire considerable strength among the Malays; but, Mohammedans as they are, divorce is not a matter of great difficulty. "The simple holding up of three fingers," says Mr. Rathbone, "has been held to be a sufficiently implied and legal dissolution of the bond of matrimony." A quaint sort of nervous disease from which the Malay suffers is that known as *latah*. A man may be perfectly calm and unconcerned at one moment; the next he is excited beyond control by a word or some sudden movement. He jumps and starts, and performs all sorts of mad antics until exhausted. Mr. Rathbone knew a man for years without suspecting the existence of the malady. But one day in the jungle he uttered the word "cut," and touched the man on the back. Instantly the poor fellow became as one possessed, exclaiming wildly, "Cut, cut, cut!" When the paroxysm had passed he beseeched his master not again to take advantage of his weakness. Among the most entertaining anecdotes of his wanderings which Mr. Rathbone has to tell are some rather good tiger stories. The man-eating tiger at times keeps miles of country in a state of abject terror, and the mere Britisher goes up in the estimation of the people apparently in proportion as he shows himself fearless in meeting the feline monster. To sleep in an open unguarded camp when tigers are abroad is not quite the condition which the home-staying Briton would consider conducive to perfect repose. Mr. Rathbone seems to have faced the ordeal with a valour in which discretion was not the better part. His intimacy with the creature notwithstanding, Mr. Rathbone does not appear to have quite made up his mind concerning the man-eating tiger. On page 92 he tells us that an inveterate man-eater becomes cunning and cowardly. On page 93 he shows that the beast grows bolder with practice in securing human prey. How does he reconcile the two statements?

As in Singapore—where the Chinaman has shown what he can do under the Union Jack—so in the protected Malay States generally; industrial and commercial enterprise is mainly in Chinese hands. A large part of the revenue of Singapore is obtained through the opium farmers. The right of collecting the tax on opium is leased to a Chinaman or a syndicate of Chinamen—a primitive method, as Mr. Rathbone says, "pernicious and unbefitting a strong and stable government." No one welcomes the advent of the British flag more than the Chinese. In some parts of Malaya they have been so long settled that they have forgotten the language of their forebears. In Malacca, for instance, the Babas are Malacca-born Chinamen. Nor is Chinese enterprise confined to the country which has been opened up to commerce. In the hills beyond Tapah exist the Sakais, who are descendants of the aboriginal Malays. Ignorant, loathsome, vermin-infested creatures, they used to be the sport of the marauding Malay, and found safety in the hills and in the poisoned darts which they shot from their blow pipes. Latterly persecution has ceased, and they have made their way into the valleys. The Chinaman here steps in. The Sakais collect tin and produce of various kinds, which they barter at the Chinaman's primitive shop in the jungle. In return he introduces them to the delights of the opium pipe! But he goes further. He takes a Sakai woman to wife, and so cements his connection with the tribe that it will do business through no one else. He thus becomes the medium of intercourse with the white world. The Chinaman proves himself an equally good man of business, whether in the

jungle or in Singapore, where Chinese merchant-princes vie with English in enterprise, in numbers, and in prosperity.

THREE "DECORATIVE" BOOKS.

"The Song of Solomon," with 12 full-page plates, and various other Decorations. By H. Granville Fell. London: Chapman. 1898.

"Isabella; or, the Pot of Basil." By John Keats. Illustrated and Decorated by W. B. Macdougall. London: Kegan Paul. 1898.

"The Pied Piper of Hamelin." By Robert Browning. Designed, drawn, and published by Harry Quilter, M.A., and written and ornamented by Mary Quilter. 1898.

PRE-RAPHAELITE art will bear no cheapening, but an untoward fate has decreed that it must suffer cruelly from that process. The social energy of William Morris succeeded in popularising an art fitted only for certain temperaments and tolerable only at its finest. Result, the art schools of the country are now encouraging ordinary people to express themselves in what to ordinary people is a style of nauseous affectation, and the forces of imitation are making the neighbourhood of Blake, Burne-Jones, and other originators almost impossible. The school-treat is in full blast about their tombs. Of two examples named above Mr. Granville Fell's is the more striking example of the Philistine's holiday, Mr. Brown Macdougall's of pretentious feebleness in drawing.

The third book has been so fully noticed by its author in the advertisement columns of the press that further criticism may seem tedious. It is, as he says, "an unique book," not for the reason he gives, that it is printed without type—he forgets Mr. Walter Crane, not to mention William Blake—but rather because it is "drawn" without drawing to a degree unlikely to be rivalled even among the amazing "decorators" of the day. The drawing is of the kind in which disaster follows the attempt to put two eyes into the same face, to fit a leg to a body, to represent the form or action of a hand. The design of the borders shows, on one or two pages, a certain ingenuity of motive, on others a readiness of adaptation. The late Aubrey Beardsley has inspired the first example, and the tribute, coming from Mr. Quilter, is not a little surprising. For the text it may suffice to say that any printer's fount of type would be preferable to this amateur lettering. It is disagreeable to look at, difficult to read, and has not even the merit of uniformity. For one thing we may thank Mr. Quilter, that he has contented himself with Browning's amusing doggerel for the victim of his art. It will soon be necessary to fence in the monuments of literature against the impertinences of "illustration" and "decoration" with the notice, "Decency forbids."

"THE RABBIT."

"Fur, Feather, and Fin Series." "The Rabbit." By J. E. Harting. London: Longmans. 1896.

"THE RABBIT," by Mr. J. E. Harting, is the latest addition to the pretty and agreeable series, "Fur, Feather, and Fin." Sporting writers, or perhaps it would be safer to say writers on sporting subjects, have got into the absurd habit of describing almost every volume they review favourably as one which no sportsman can afford to omit from his book-shelf. As a matter of fact, the number of sportsmen who read books on their favourite pursuit is by no means so large as the Fleet Street expert supposes. Our belief is that sportsmen are far from being partial to sporting literature, and the twaddle they see in the daily press about hunting, shooting, and angling books is not likely to sharpen their appetites for such matter. But a series of books like Messrs. Longmans' little monographs on birds, beasts, and fishes appeals to a good many readers without, as well as within, the sporting world, and "The Rabbit" in particular, perhaps, will be esteemed by town and country folk alike. We detect in this volume no misquotation such as shocks the lover of Charles

Kingsley when he reads in the book on "The Hare" how

"The merry brown hares came leaping
Over the meadow and hill." (!)

It is well, too, that an alteration has been judiciously effected in the preface, wherein we no longer read of "varieties" where "species" was evidently intended. Learned indeed are Mr. Harting's researches into the early history of the rabbit, whilst Mr. Shand's cookery recipes are enough to make the mouth water. We cannot agree with Mr. Harting's statement, however, that the Ground Game Act of 1880 pleased nobody except perhaps the promoters. It pleased very many thousands of people, and Mr. Harting must know that there is not a single Conservative Member of Parliament sitting for a difficult county constituency who would dare to advocate its repeal. We may not relish Sir William Harcourt's Act, but let us not delude ourselves into the belief that the average tenant farmer objects to it; he would be furious if there were any talk of repealing it. There are various pleasant and interesting things in this volume; but the owner of underwood which has been eaten up by rabbits will look in vain within its covers for any sympathy with his woes. Mr. Harting admits that the rabbit is destructive, but he omits to tell of the terrible damage to the young hazel and oak "shoots" which a few hundred rabbits will do in a single night after the first hard frost or heavy snow of the season. We could show him woods in the south of England which in part have been rabbit-poisoned within an extraordinarily short space of time.

It is stated in this volume, and it has been stated elsewhere, that the rabbit will not attack the spindle-wood (*Euonymus Europæus*) when once well established. After the great snow and frost of 1880-81 spindle-wood stems in Hampshire woods were to be seen stripped naked of every scrap of their bark. The rabbit will, when driven to it, eat almost any form of vegetable matter.

FICTION.

"Bismillah." By A. J. Dawson. London: Macmillan.

WHEN the mind has recovered from the first glance at the pages of this book, where the liberal sprinkling of capital letters and of names such as Salaam, Ben Ramar, and so on, somewhat chill the expectation, it finds itself in the current of a vigorous bit of narration. To pitch the honest English lad, with his nonchalance, his bright wit and courage, his tender honour and schoolboy slang, into the middle of a kind of "Song of Solomon" was a delightful bit of fantasy. When Bensaquin gently draws the hatch-cover over Martin Ward on page 31, one begins to know that this is a genuine tale; nor does the interest flag to the end. Some of the situations have a touch of beauty: Martin, a prisoner in the Jew's garden, supporting the faithfulness of the Jewish maiden to her absent lover; the moment between himself and the Moor when there is a chance of escape for one of the pair only, and the wounded Salaam, lifted by Martin on to the horse, looks in the Christian eyes. The bizarre surroundings and odd Scriptural talk adorn and do not impede the movements of the story; one or two passages contain some keen thinking; the atmosphere and the sketching in of the Eastern characters are admirable; the phrase is strong throughout and to the point, tempting one on as only well-written English can tempt.

"Ricroft of Withens." By Halliwell Sutcliffe. London: Unwin.

The body of this story is simply a repetition of Blackmore's well-known novel, "Lorna Doone." Mr. Sutcliffe, however, tells it with a difference, and the difference is good enough to allow his tale to stand by itself. Christopher Ricroft is a shadowy John Rigg, the Lonely Valley and the Carless Clan are reproductions of the Doone Valley and the Doones; the parallel is even carried down to the bog, which forms as important a feature of the story and the scenery in the present book as in the famous novel. The landscape is nevertheless distinct, and is not of Devonshire but of Yorkshire, while the crowd of figures who meet at the Silent Inn are racy of the soil of their northern county. To catch this effect is good craftsmanship, and brings excellent colour to a very thrilling incident in

which Bonnie Prince Charlie plays a part. Unfortunately the earlier portion of the novel fails to fasten the interest; there is a looseness of construction and slowness of movement. The story shifts from the dalesmen and their robber foes, to Prince Charlie and his advance to Derby and back again; the mind fails to detect a point where the two interests are likely to converge; the author does not succeed in exciting expectation or suspense. Only when the Prince is flying for his life towards the Silent Inn with Black Carless and his men in pursuit, and the unconscious dalesmen are comfortably hobnobbing within, does the mind warm up to the probable action. And a very good bit of action it proves to be.

"Windyhaugh." By Graham Travers. London: William Blackwood. 1898.

The name of the author of "Mona Maclean" on a title-page should assure anyone of at least pleasant reading—and "Windyhaugh" has a great deal about it that is pleasant. Therefore it is rather a pity that the book opens with the religious doubts of a child of seven, brought up in a lonely place by a grandmother whom it would be courtesy to call narrow-minded. Readers at once have before them the terrifying vision of a long life for the child, which they will be expected to follow from cradle to grave, through a maze of spiritual doubts and "awakenings;" and, in reality, something not at all unlike this does happen. But Wilhelmina leaves Windyhaugh and her grandmother, and the development of her soul, too much insisted upon though it is, still takes place among surroundings of more general interest. It is rather ingeniously shown how the girl brings the same single-minded nature to bear on all the very different circumstances of her life. Whether she is lodging-house keeping for her shiftless stepmother, or studying science to "educate" herself, or acting the part of Beatrice in "The Cenci" (of all imaginable plays!), she still keeps the strong bent given to the tender twig by her austere old grandmother and remains a Puritan at heart. Her husband is a little incredible: the author would almost seem to have changed her mind more than once in the drawing of him. It is not easy to see how Wilhelmina suddenly won his heart by her pathetic helplessness and loneliness; it was the appealing side of her, too constantly shown to him, that he found so tame at the outset. He would far more probably have loved her on the day of her brilliant success in "The Cenci." However, the story works itself out well, and is the result, quite evidently, of a great deal of thought and care. If, in her next book, "Graham Travers" will let her characters speak for themselves by their actions and explain the inner workings of their minds a little less, it will be an improvement.

"The Rebellion of Lil Carrington." By L. T. Meade. London: Cassell and Co. 1898.

This is a book clearly intended to convey a moral lesson; more especially a lesson to young girls. But there is a hopeless confusion somewhere, and a vague impression is left on our mind that the author only yielded to convention, and that reluctantly, when she made all her characters end "good." Gooseberry, for instance, is not the same child when she takes to lecturing her elders as when she begins a frank "pickle," and the attempt to make her into a Sunday school paragon simply spoils her. As for the American girl's scheme, it is clumsy to a degree, and would not have succeeded with anyone out of Hanwell. In spite of some decidedly amusing dialogue we found this a thoroughly disappointing little book.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

ALL that is new in regard to the letterpress in "Aubrey Beardsley," by Arthur Symons (Unicorn Press), is a brief preface descriptive of Mr. Symons' first meeting with Beardsley in 1895, and containing some interesting personal reminiscences of the artist at Dieppe and Arques-la-Bataille. To this preface are added the critical and appreciative essay which Mr. Symons contributed to the "Fortnightly" last May, three portraits (including an excellent reproduction of M. Blanche's painting), and six drawings (two of which are now published for the first time). Beardsley, in Mr. Symons' view, was a satirist of essential

things; and from this standpoint the little quarto before us is more than a memento of misguided genius. It is not without valuable suggestion to the moralist. For the rest, the book would surely have been improved by the insertion of a few chronological and other details. We gather indirectly that Beardsley died at the age of twenty-six. But where and when? To say that such commonplaces as dates are not needed is a refutation surely, by implication, of the theory that Beardsley has a wider suffrage than the hour and the coterie. Moreover, events pass one another so rapidly that these commonplaces are apt to escape the memory of the average man, who we believe can be interested in Beardsley without, after the manner of the San Francisco Chinaman, keeping a Beardsley poster in his sanctuary and burning candles before it as though it were a "joss." It is, perhaps, worth notice that the year which has witnessed the death of Beardsley has witnessed also the death of the two artists (Burne-Jones and de Chavannes) who are understood to have advised him to take up art as a profession.

"The Story of the West Indies," by Arnold Kennedy belongs to the Story of the Empire Series (Marshall), and is an addition to the already voluminous literature about our possessions in the Western Tropics of which we fail to see the need. It may, however, be of service to the schoolmaster who wishes his older pupils to understand something of the origin and developments of Empire. From this point of view Mr. Kennedy has done his work well. He is accurate and writes clearly and concisely. Fulness of detail and picturesqueness of treatment were impossible in a hundred and fifty pages of about six inches by four. The theme is too large and too full of incident—apart from racial and economic considerations—to be disposed of satisfactorily in so small a compass. The marvel is that within such narrow limits Mr. Kennedy has been able to pack so much information without making the book a mere compilation of facts and dates.

REFERENCE ANNUALS.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANAC" and "Hazell's Annual" have now become each other's supplement. Those who are content to cram superficially on topics of the hour can get most of the facts from these two admirable publications. Hazell's ambition this year is to show "an intelligent anticipation of events even before they occur," and we are supplied with articles full of data on many subjects which should be useful to the publicist in 1899. Whitaker is not behind in this respect. We wish, however, Whitaker would revise the introduction to that portion of its contents relating to Canada. Sebastian Cabot did not discover Canada in 1497. His father did, and Sebastian at best was his father's companion. Another volume for which we now look every December is "Who's Who," which expands year by year in bulk and usefulness. For the new edition the editor has secured many biographies of value, including those of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes and Don Carlos. Mr. Douglas Sladen does his editing conscientiously, and the landmarks in the career of almost everyone who is any one are to be found in the volume, including those relating to Mr. Sladen himself. In such a work errors are inevitable, and it is unfortunate that the account of Mr. Cecil Rhodes is spoilt by the statement that he was chairman of the British South Africa Company till 1896. Curiously enough Hazell's says the same. Who is the informant of both, or which copies the other?

For This Week's Books see page 862.

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- Elizabeth, Empress of Austria (De Burgh). Hutchinson. 6s.

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MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

- Pall Mall Magazine (January, 1899). 1s.
- Manual of Psychology (Stout). University Correspondence College Press. 4s. 6d.
- Revue des Deux Mondes (15 December).
- Bulletin of the Department of Labor. Edited by C. D. Wright. Economic Journal. 5s.
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- Microscope, The (Hogg). Routledge.
- Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. Kegan Paul Limited. 3s.
- Naval and Military Magazine. Marshall & Son. 6d.

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The Mercantile Trust Company, as depository under the plan, is now prepared to receive deposits of securities, either at its office, No. 129, Broadway, in the City of New York, or at its agency, the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, 41, Lothbury, London, England. Copies of the Plan and Agreement of Re-organization, and any further information desired, may be obtained at the offices of the undersigned, or at the office of the Mercantile Trust Company, or its London Agency above stated.

Dated New York, December 21, 1898.

SPEYER BROTHERS, 7, Lothbury, London.
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The Conversion Lists will be closed on the 15th February, 1899, but the right is reserved to withdraw these terms at any time before that date after the 15th January, 1899.

DOMINION OF CANADA. CITY OF QUEBEC. Conversion and Redemption of the following Sterling Debentures of the City of Quebec, viz.:-

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6 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st July, 1908
6 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st Jan., 1910
5 " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st Jan., 1913
4½ " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st Jan., 1914
4½ " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st Jan., 1918
4½ " " " " " " " " " " " "	1st Jan., 1925

Messrs. COATES, SON, & CO. are authorised by the City of Quebec to invite Holders of the outstanding Debentures of the above issues to exchange their present holdings, either for new 3½ per cent. Consolidated Registered Stock of the City of Quebec, or Cash upon the terms set out in the full Prospectus.

The Stock to be issued in exchange for the Bonds surrendered for conversion is a part of a total authorised issue of £654,480. An official quotation on the London, Liverpool, and Glasgow Stock Exchanges has been granted for that portion of the stock already issued, and application will be made for any further Stock issued in the terms of this Prospectus to be added thereto.

Cheques for the amount of the redemption price of Debentures to be exchanged for Cash will be issued in one week after the Bonds have been deposited.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Transfer Books will be closed from January 1st to 7th, 1899, both days inclusive.

By Order,
J. ROBERTSON, *London Transfer Secretary.*

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December 19th, 1898.

FERREIRA GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Dividend No. 16.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a Dividend of 150% (one hundred and fifty per cent.) has been declared payable to Shareholders registered at the close of business at ONE o'clock on SATURDAY the 31 DECEMBER, 1898, and to the holders of COUPON No. 9 attached to SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from the 1 to 7 JANUARY, 1899, both days inclusive. The WARRANTS will be despatched to Registered European Shareholders from the London Office, and will probably be in the hands of Shareholders about 4 FEBRUARY, 1899.

ANDREW MOIR, *London Secretary.*

London Office:—120, BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.

21 December, 1898.

CROWN REEF GOLD MINING COMPANY, Ltd.

DECLARATION

OF

DIVIDEND No. 22.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an INTERIM DIVIDEND of FIFTY PER CENT. has been declared by the BOARD for the Quarter ending 31 DECEMBER, 1898, payable to Shareholders registered in the Books of the Company at the close of business at 4 p.m. on FRIDAY, 30 DECEMBER, 1898, and to HOLDERS of COUPON No. 10 attached to SHARE WARRANTS TO BEARER.

The Transfer Registers will be closed from the 31 DECEMBER, 1898, to 6 JANUARY, 1899, both days inclusive. The WARRANTS will be despatched to Registered European Shareholders from the London Office, and will probably be in the hands of Shareholders about 7 FEBRUARY, 1899.

ANDREW MOIR,
London Secretary.

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21 December, 1898.

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